THE TEN DOORS
THAT DO NOT LOCK

A novella of ten temples on the island of Manhattan

SURJAN

with the aid of Claude

SERIES 240512 · THIRTY-FOUR PLATES

THE HYPOSTYLE PRESS · SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL

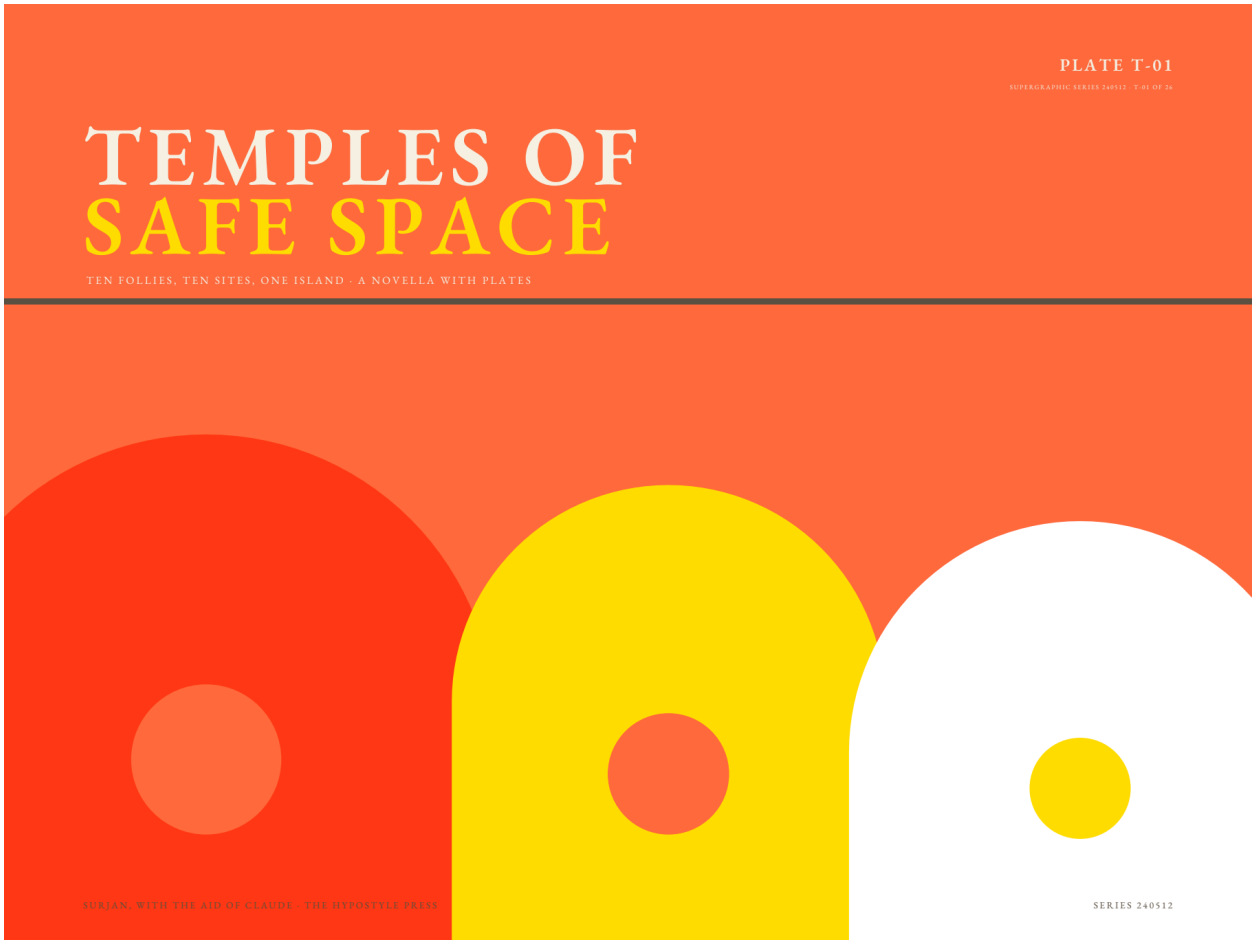
PLATE T-01
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · T-01 OF 26
TEMPLES OF
SAFE SPACE
TEN FOLLIES, TEN SITES, ONE ISLAND · A NOVELLA WITH PLATES
SURJAN, WITH THE AID OF CLAUDE · THE HYPOSTYLE PRESS
SERIES 240512

Frontispiece. Temples of Safe Space. Series 240512.

FOREWORD

by Cass, who keeps the night at the sixth temple

I was asked to write the front of this book because I am the only one of the ten keepers who has never once written anything down, and the publisher thought this would be interesting. It is not interesting. It is only that I work at night, and at night you learn that writing things down is a way of not saying them.

Here is what I know, and it is all I will claim.

There are ten buildings on this island that were put here for us. They are not shelters, though people shelter in them. They are not clubs, though people dance in two of them and would dance in all ten if the floors allowed. They are not memorials, though one of them is almost nothing else. The word the architect uses is *folly*, which she took from the old estates, where a folly was a building relieved of its duties — a tower with no soldiers, a ruin built new, a temple to nothing in particular, standing in a field for the pleasure of standing there.

I did not like the word at first. We have been called frivolous for long enough. But I have come around to it, and here is why. A folly is a building that does not have to justify itself, and neither do we. That is the whole argument of this book, and you may stop here if you like; the rest is elaboration, and some of it is very beautiful, and none of it is more true than that sentence.

What I can add is the part the drawings cannot hold.

At the sixth temple, which stands half on the land and half on the water at the end of Twenty-Second Street, the doors have no leaves. There is nothing to unlock at six in the evening and nothing to lock at four in the morning. When it rains, the rain comes into the back bay and stands in a sheet across the deck and the whole room smells of the river. Kids come in wet. That is the entire operation. Somebody is there; the light is on; the kettle is a real kettle and not a metaphor.

In the first winter a boy came in at two in the morning, seventeen or so, in a coat that was not a winter coat. He sat with his back against the yellow screen for two hours without saying one word, and then he said, *Is this a church?* and I said, *No.* And he said, *Good*, and slept until six, and left before I could ask his name, and came back eleven nights later with two friends, and by February there were nine of them and they had rearranged my chairs.

That is the whole thing. Everything else in this book — the multipliers, the projections, the argument about noise and silence, the register of names at the fourth temple, the two arches at the ninth — everything else is the architect's way of saying that sentence at greater length, and with more colour, and with a straight edge.

She would tell you the buildings talk to each other. I have heard them. I will not defend that statement. It is four in the morning as I write this and the seventh temple is audible from here on a clear night, in the way that a long room is audible, and I have stopped being surprised.

Come in. There is no door to knock on. That is the design.

C. The sixth temple, in the small hours

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INTRODUCTION

by Surjan

I want to begin with a lie I told for two years, because it turns out to be the foundation of the whole project.

When people asked what the ten follies were, I said they were formal studies. Vault, apse, merlon, horn, oculus, mast. A sentence about geometry families. A sentence about colour: yellow, vermilion, coral, white, bone, and one warm taupe standing in for a black I have refused to use since 2019. Then I would show the plates, and people would say *how joyful*, and I would say yes, and change the subject.

The truth is that I built them because I needed somewhere to put grief, and grief is heavy, and it will crack any container you make for it out of good taste. So I made containers out of bad taste instead. I made them yellow. I gave them ears. I put a paddle on top of one of them that turns eight degrees in the wind and does nothing else. Grief turned inside out, made public, made architectural — this is the working definition I use, and the reason I call the practice what I call it, and the reason a book that is mostly about safety is also, from the first page, extremely loud.

The follies were photographed on a parking deck. This is the only unremarkable fact in the book and I want it on the record early, because everything that follows depends on it. Not a plaza. Not a site of significance. The roof of a garage, blacktopped, striped for cars, with a chain-link edge and a view of somebody else's mechanical plant. That is where they were. That is where anything is, at first. You get given the flat leftover top of a building nobody wanted and you make a temple on it, and then somebody comes up the ramp and finds it there and does not have to explain themselves.

The enlargement came later and came in one afternoon. I had been drawing them at their built size — forty-eight feet, seventy-four feet, a room and a half — and the drawings were charming, and charm was not what I wanted. So I multiplied them. Seventy times, ninety, one hundred and fifteen. I set them down on Manhattan the way a child sets a toy down on a map, and the moment the fourth folly covered thirty tracks at Hudson Yards the project stopped being about geometry.

Because at that size the question changes. A pavilion asks *may I?* A building that is seven thousand feet long asks nothing. It is simply there, and the city arranges itself around it, and the arranging is the argument. I am not interested in a discreet safe space. I have watched discretion asked of us my entire adult life; discretion is a rent we are told to pay for occupancy, and the rent goes up. So: no discretion. A vault the

width of the bowtie at Times Square. A hall the length of four blocks in Harlem. A standard fifty-four feet high, multiplied one hundred times, visible from the deck of the bridge.

Ten sites, chosen the way anyone chooses: because the island already keeps a room-shaped hole in each of them. The bowtie. The meadow. The tip. The yards. The square with the arch. The pier. The park with the acropolis. The seaport. The plaza with the fountain. The southern third of an island in the East River, where there is already a ruin and already a place where names are read.

Ten programmes, which I have since had to admit are ten temples:

A room for the first time you say it out loud. A field for practising being looked at. Three aisles for arriving, staying, and going on. A register where the old name is set down and — this matters — *not destroyed*. A room for the elders, with a sun painted on the wall that does not set. A warming room, open all night, half on the water. A long hall for the walk, for the houses, for the categories, for everything the walk has carried since long before I could name it, and which I want named clearly here: this one belongs to the Black and Latine queer communities who built ballroom, and the building is a guest in their tradition, not the other way round. A market where nothing is for sale. A room for the double life, with two arches that are the same figure at two pressures. And a standard, at the water, where the names of the dead are read into the river every night at a fixed hour whether or not anyone is listening.

I should say plainly what these are not. They are not a proposal. Nobody is going to build a folly seven thousand feet long over the West Side Yard, and the city would be right to say no, and the drawings know it. They are not a program of works. They are not, God help us, a *strategy*.

They are an argument made at a scale that cannot be politely ignored, which is the only scale at which certain arguments have ever been heard.

And they talk. This is the part I have been advised, gently, to soften, and I will not. Somewhere in the second year of drawing them I began to hear the buildings in conversation, and I wrote down what I heard, and Book Two of this novella is that transcript. The first temple argues with the tenth about noise. The fourth and the tenth agree about names and are careful with each other, the way two people who have both been to the same funeral are careful. The third and the eighth, which are the two *threes* of the series, discuss arrival and exchange and cannot agree which of them is the greater hospitality. The second and the ninth discuss being seen — one in daylight, one under lights — and this conversation is the closest thing the book has to a thesis.

I do not claim the buildings are alive. I claim something more modest and more disturbing: that if you make a room whose entire purpose is that someone can be themselves inside it, the room acquires a position on the question. It cannot help it. Every threshold you draw is a sentence about who may pass, and if you

draw the threshold twenty feet high and give it no leaf and no lock and no latch, you have said something, and the saying does not stop when you put the pen down.

A word on how to read this.

The plates are not illustrations. They came first, most of them, and the prose grew in the space between them the way moss grows on the north side of a thing. Where a plate is placed, it is placed because the text at that point cannot do the job. Read the drawings slowly. The scales are marked. The follies are always shown at a common datum so that you can compare them, and the multipliers are always given, and there is no black in any of it — not in the fields, not in the line work, not in the type — because black is the colour of the void the void does not need.

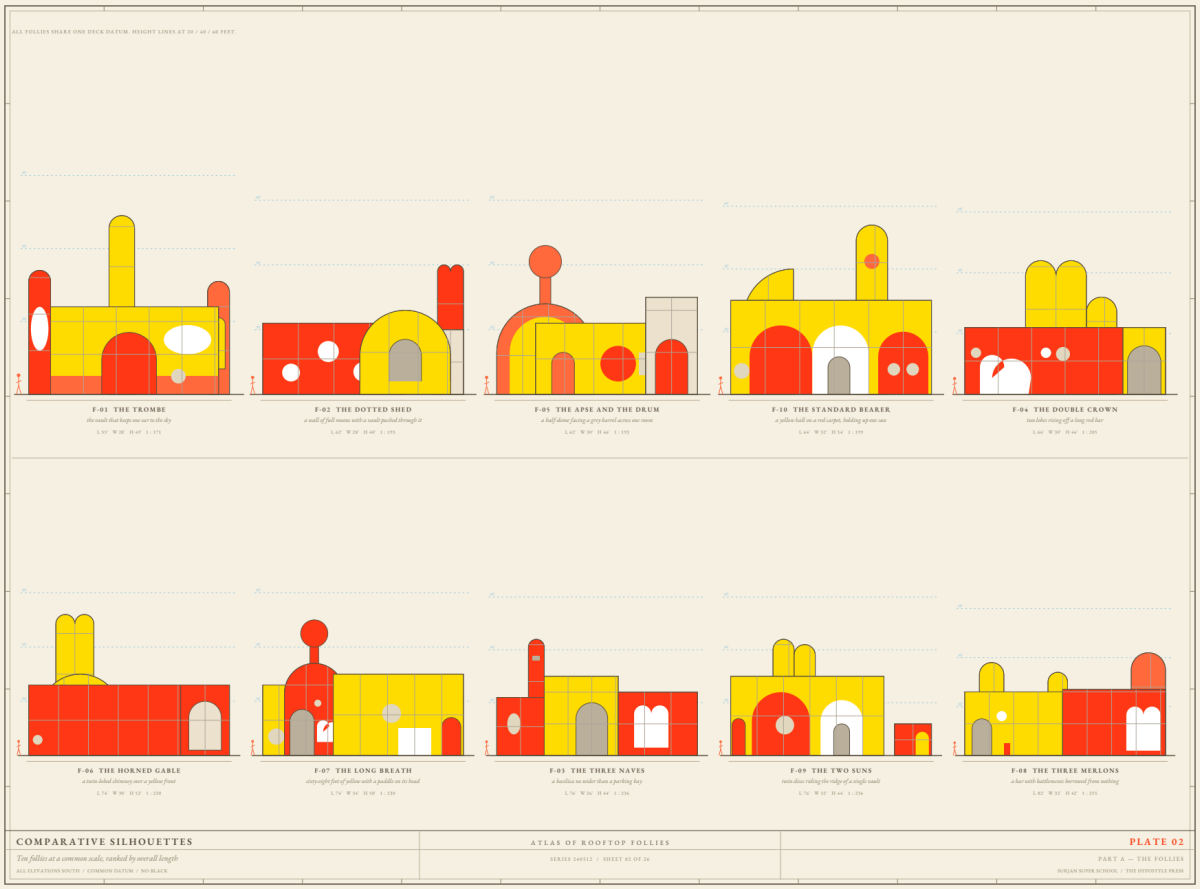
A word on the word *temple*, which I resisted for a year.

I do not mean it religiously, though several of the keepers do and I have no argument with them. I mean it structurally. A temple is a building with a threshold, a room, and a fixed practice, and it is the only building type in the whole history of the discipline that exists to hold a thing that cannot be photographed. That is precisely the specification. We need buildings that hold what cannot be photographed. We have needed them for a long time, and we have made do with basements, back rooms, the ends of piers, the last car of the train, the hour between two and four in the morning when the city stops asking questions.

This book takes those places and gives them a section, an elevation, a plan, a colour, a keeper, and a door twenty feet high that does not lock.

Come in. There is no door to knock on.

S.


ALL FOLLIES SHARE ONE DECK DATUM. HEIGHT LINES AT 20 / 40 / 60 FEET.
F-01 THE TROMBE
the vault that keeps one ear to the sky
F-02 THE DOTTED SHED
a wall of full moons with a vault pushed through it
F-05 THE APSE AND THE DRUM
a half-dome facing a grey barrel across one room
F-10 THE STANDARD BEARER
a yellow hall on a red carpet, holding up one arm
F-04 THE DOUBLE CROWN
two lobes rising off a long red bar
F-06 THE HORNED GABLE
a twin-lobed chimney over a yellow frame
F-07 THE LONG BREATH
sixty-eight feet of yellow with a puddle on its head
F-03 THE THREE NAVES
a basilica no wider than a parking bay
F-09 THE TWO SUNS
twin discs riding the ridge of a single vault
F-08 THE THREE MERLONS
a bar with battlements borrowed from nothing
COMPARATIVE SILHOUETTES
Ten follies at a common scale, ranked by overall length
ALL ELEVATIONS SOUTH / COMMON DATUM / NO BLACK
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 02 OF 26
PLATE 02
PART A — THE FOLLIES
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL / THE SPINDLE PRESS

Comparative silhouettes. The ten at a common deck datum, ranked by length.

THE FOUR RULES

posted at every threshold, in white type on yellow, fourteen inches high

One. Nothing in this building may be locked.

Two. No one is required to explain why they came in.

Three. What is said here is not carried out. The keeper does not remember; the keeper only holds the door.

Four. If you are the only person here, you are still the reason it is open.

Beneath these, at the sixth temple only, a fifth line has been added by hand and has never been removed:

Five. The kettle is a real kettle.

BOOK ONE — THE TEN

In which each temple is described, speaks in its own voice, receives one visitor, and keeps one register.

The First Temple — The Trombe

F-01 · TIMES SQUARE · DUFFY SQUARE · THE TEMPLE OF THE FIRST WORD

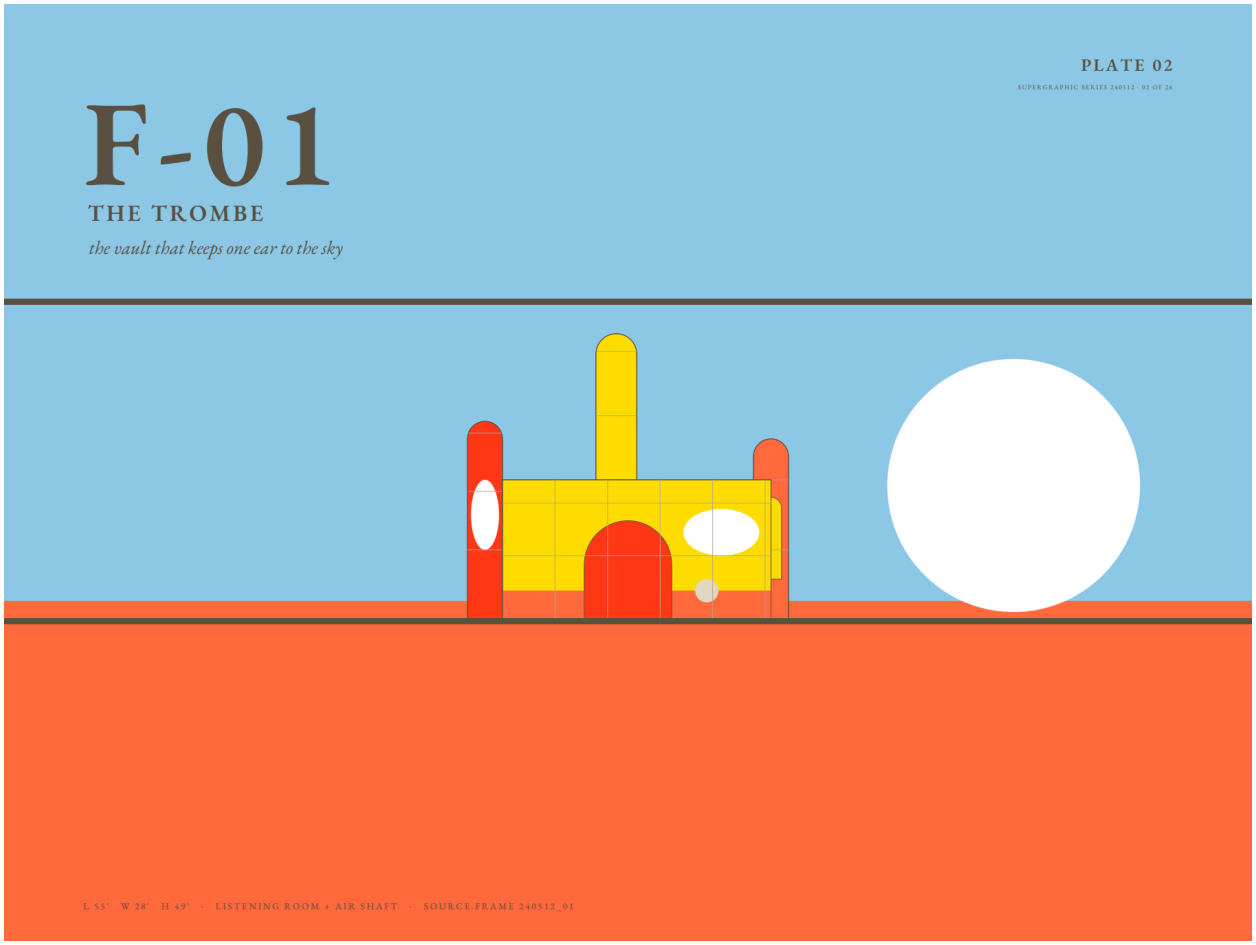


PLATE 02
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 02 OF 26
F-01
THE TROMBE
the vault that keeps one ear to the sky
L 55′ W 28′ H 49′ · LISTENING ROOM + AIR SHAFT · SOURCE FRAME 240512_01

F-01 The Trombe. The vault that keeps one ear to the sky.

The first temple stands across the bowtie where Broadway crosses Seventh Avenue, and it stands across both roadbeds, because at ninety times its built size the bowtie is not a site but a detail. It is a barrel vault forty-eight feet long, which is to say four thousand three hundred and twenty. Its mast is forty-nine feet, which is to say four thousand four hundred and ten, and it passes the fifth floor of the red steps, and continues, and does not stop where buildings stop.

The programme is a listening room. There is one arch cut into its southern flank, sixteen feet high in the drawings, and a red band along the base, and a white oval on the west screen that people have taken to calling the ear, though the architect insists it is only an oval.

The temple speaks:

I am the loudest place in the world and I was built to be quiet.

Understand the difficulty. Below me, and around me, and through me, there is a machine for saying things that no one means. It runs day and night. It says *buy* in eleven languages. It says *you*, but it does not mean you. I stand in the middle of that and I have one job, and my job is a sentence.

Not any sentence. The sentence. The one that has been sitting in a person's chest for eleven years like a stone in a shoe, the one they have practised in the shower and in the car and to the dog, the one they have said in the second person, the one they have said as a hypothetical about a friend. I am the room where it gets said in the first person, out loud, to the air, at whatever volume the body can manage.

Some of them shout it. This is the reason for my mast. Four thousand feet of hollow yellow, drawing warm air off my crown — that is the engineering account, and the engineering account is true, and it is not the reason. The mast is there because a shout needs somewhere to go. A shout in a low room comes back down on the person who made it. A shout in me goes up, and keeps going, and is not returned.

Some of them whisper it. This is the reason for my vault. Twenty-eight feet clear, sprung at ten, sheet metal on ribs at four feet on centre — and a whisper against a curved surface is carried along the curve to the far end, where the keeper sits with her back turned, which is a thing we worked out in the second month and which is now doctrine.

I do not hear the sentence. I want that in the record. I am a shape. Shapes do not hear. But I have been made in such a way that the sentence, when it is said inside me, behaves differently than it behaves outside, and if that is not hearing, it is at least a courtesy, and courtesy is what most of us mean by love before we have the nerve to say the other word.

The tenth temple thinks I am vulgar. The tenth temple stands at the water and reads the names of the dead and says that a place of consequence should be silent. We have had this argument eleven times. I say: the silence you are so proud of was imposed on us, and you have made a virtue of the injury. He says: you have made a nightclub of a wound. We are both right, which is the worst possible outcome of an argument, and we know it, and we go on.

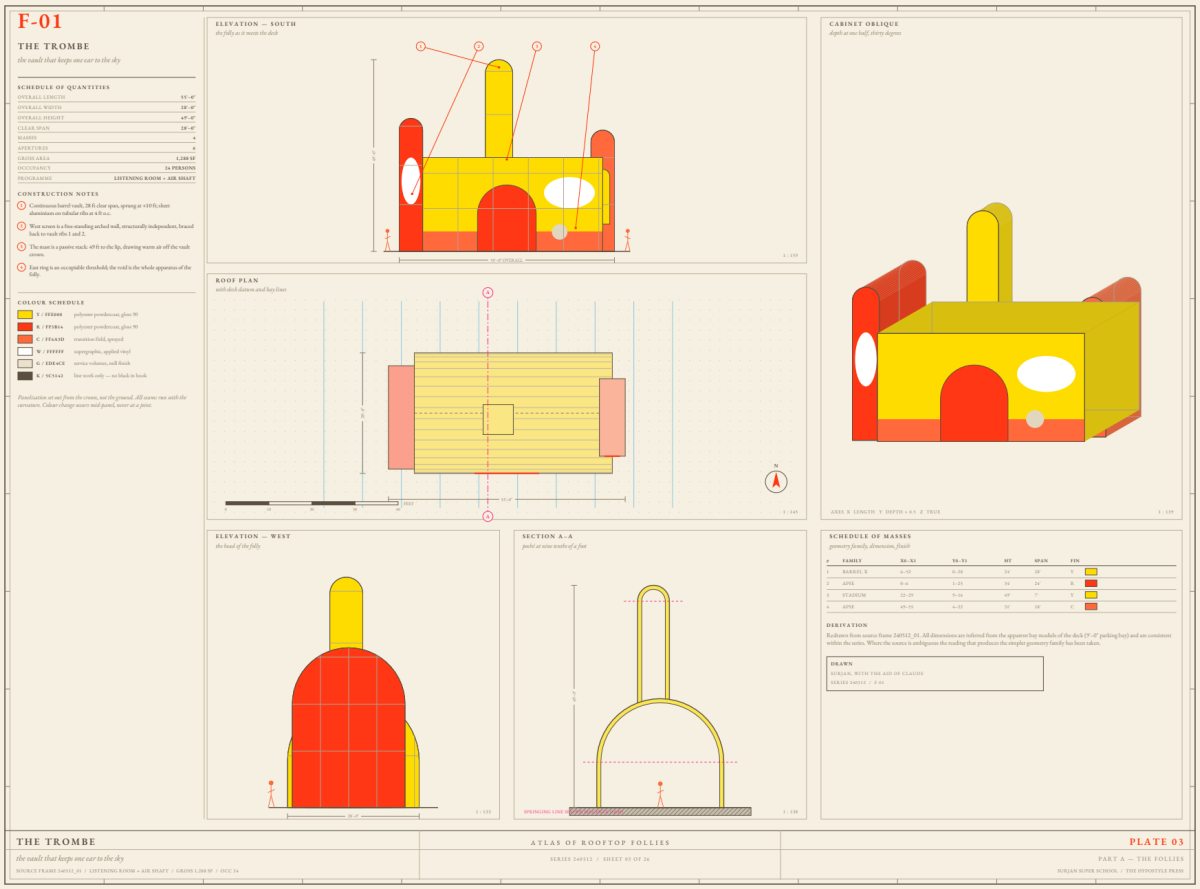


Plate 03. The Trombe: elevation, plan, section, cabinet oblique.

A visitor:

A man of fifty-eight came up the ramp on a Tuesday in March, in a good coat, carrying a briefcase he did not need, having told his office he had a dentist.

He walked the length of the vault twice. He read the four rules and did not appear to like the third one. He stood under the mast for eleven minutes and looked up the whole shaft of it, the way people look up at weather.

Then he sat down on the deck, in the good coat, with the briefcase beside him, and said nothing for an hour and ten minutes.

The keeper — Rosa A., who sold tickets in the booth below for thirty-one years and knows how to be present without being available — sat at the far end with her back to him and did the crossword.

At the end of the hour and ten minutes he said, in a voice that did not carry at all, four words. The vault carried them anyway, along the curve, to the wall behind her head, which is where they arrived, and she did not turn around, because turning around is not the practice.

He said: *I have wasted it.*

She said, to the wall: *You are here at eleven twenty on a Tuesday. That is not a man who has wasted it. That is a man who is running late.*

He laughed. It was not a good laugh; it came out broken in the middle, in that way. And then he said the other sentence, the one he had come to say, at ordinary conversational volume, which in that room is a kind of shouting.

He was back the following Tuesday. He has not, so far, brought anyone with him. Rosa says that is common, and that Tuesdays in the second year are usually different from Tuesdays in the first.

From the register kept at the first temple:

The keeper does not record the sentences. This is Rule Three and it has never been broken. What is recorded is the count, and the count is kept in chalk on the inside of the red screen, in five-bar gates, and washed off at the end of each year with river water carried up in a bucket, this being a ceremony that Rosa invented and now cannot get out of.

Recorded, year one: 4,113. Recorded, year two: 9,870. Recorded, year three: 14,402, of which 61 were said by persons over the age of seventy, and this fact was noted separately, in a second gate, in a second colour, for reasons the keeper declines to explain.

Note appended in another hand: The oval on the west screen is not an ear. The architect has said so on eleven occasions. It remains an ear.

The Second Temple — The Dotted Shed

F-02 · SHEEP MEADOW · CENTRAL PARK · THE TEMPLE OF THE OPEN FIELD

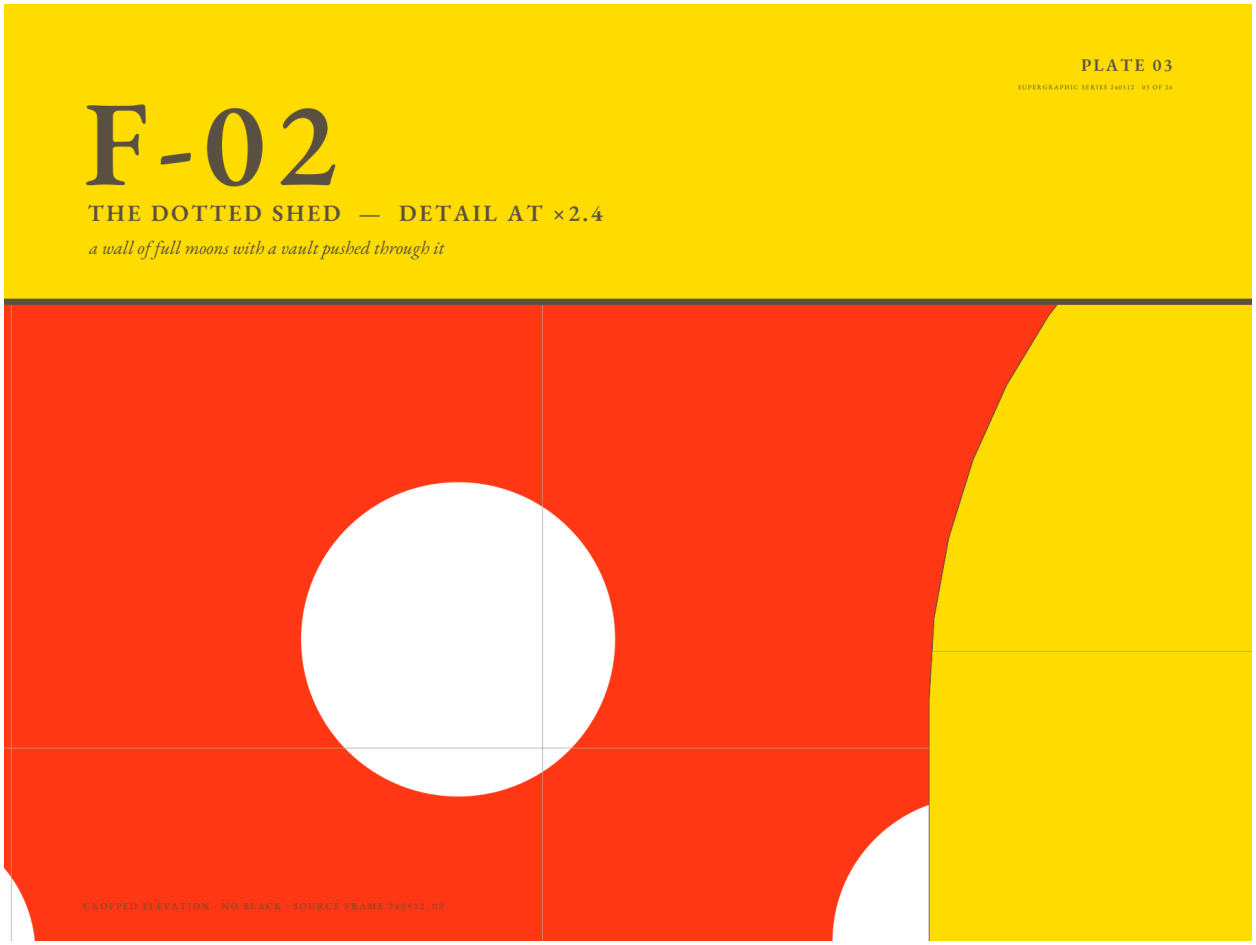


PLATE 03
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 03 OF 26
F-02
THE DOTTED SHED — DETAIL AT ×2.4
a wall of full moons with a vault pushed through it
CROPPED ELEVATION · NO BLACK · SOURCE FRAME 240512_02

F-02 The Dotted Shed. A wall of full moons with a vault pushed through it.

The second temple lies along the long axis of the meadow, a screen wall of vermilion punched with six discs, and a yellow vault driven through it at right angles, and a lobed finial that reads from Central Park West as something caught in a fence.

At one hundred and five times, its screen runs two thousand two hundred and eighty feet, and its discs are the only hard edges in fifteen acres.

The programme is a shade porch. The temple's own account of the programme is different.

The temple speaks:

I teach one skill and it takes years.

The skill is being looked at.

You will think this is small. Consider what it costs. A person spends their childhood learning to be unremarkable in a hallway. They learn a walk that attracts nothing. They learn to laugh a half-second after everyone else, so that the laugh is a copy and cannot be examined. They learn to leave a room by the wall. By twenty they can pass through an entire city without once being seen, and they call this safety, and it is safety, and it is also a slow amputation.

You cannot undo that in a bar at night. Night is too kind; night hands out disguises. It has to be undone at two in the afternoon in the middle of a meadow with fifteen acres of people around and a dog barking somewhere and the light doing nothing to help.

So: I have no walls, only a screen. The screen has six holes in it, and each hole is glazed, not painted — this is important and the architect has had to say it many times — so that a person standing behind a disc is visible as a shape and not as a face. You start there. You stand behind the third disc, which is the largest, and people look at you, and you are a silhouette, and nothing happens to you.

The following week you stand in the vault, under twenty-six feet of yellow, in the shade, where you can be seen properly but the light is on my terms.

And then, one day, in your own time, and I have known it to take four years, you walk out from under me into the open field in the middle of the afternoon, and you stand there, and people look at you, and you are entirely visible, and nothing happens to you.

That is the whole curriculum. I have no other subject.

The ninth temple, at the fountain, does this too, under lights, at eight in the evening, with an audience that has paid. He thinks his version is harder. I have told him: yours is harder to do and mine is harder to survive, because when you are finished they applaud and when I am finished nobody has noticed and you must find the value of the act in the act.

He said that was the cruellest thing a building had ever said to him. He said it warmly. We are very fond of each other.

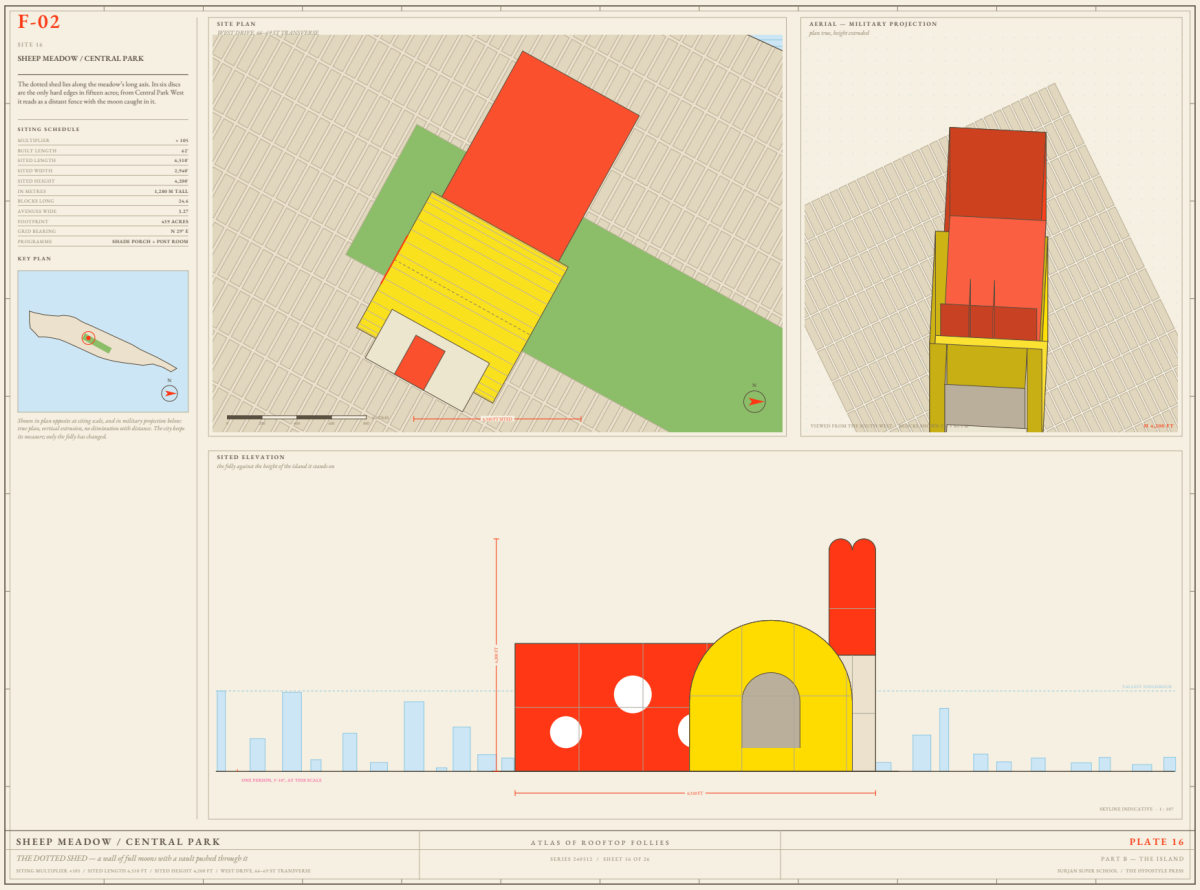

F-02
SITE 16
SHEEP MEADOW / CENTRAL PARK
The dotted shed lies along the meadow's long axis. Its six discs are the only hard edges in fifteen acres; from Central Park West it reads as a distant fence with the moon caught in it.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER ×105
BUILT LENGTH 62′
SITED LENGTH 6,510′
SITED WIDTH 2,940′
SITED HEIGHT 4,200′
IN METRES 1,280 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 24.6
AVENUES WIDE 1.37
FOOTPRINT 419 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME SHADE PORCH + POST ROOM
KEY PLAN
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
SHEEP MEADOW / CENTRAL PARK
THE DOTTED SHED — a wall of full moons with a vault packed through it
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
PLATE 16

Plate 16. The Dotted Shed at Sheep Meadow, siting multiplier ×105.

A visitor:

A woman came every Sunday for eleven weeks and stood behind the third disc.

She was fifty-one and had been married for twenty-six years to a man she describes, without irony and without cruelty, as the best person she has ever known. She had told no one. She had, in fact, told the first temple, on a Tuesday, at conversational volume, and had then driven home and made dinner.

Dev M., who keeps the field and who lifeguards in the season, does not approach anybody. That is doctrine at the second temple: the keeper stays at the vault end and is visible and does not cross the meadow. What Dev does instead is count. He counts how far into the field each person comes, and he keeps this in a notebook by initial, and the notebook contains no other information, and he has said that if the notebook were ever read by a stranger it would look like the log of a very boring bird survey.

Week one: behind the disc. Week four: behind the disc, but with the coat off. Week seven: two steps out from the screen, then back. Week nine: under the vault, in the shade, for forty minutes, facing out. Week eleven: eleven steps into the open field, at two in the afternoon, in April, with a kite tangled in a tree behind her and a man selling nothing at all shouting about it.

She stood there for four minutes. Nobody looked at her. That is the part nobody warns you about — that the terrible exposure you have been rehearsing your whole life is, on the day, of no interest to anyone whatsoever, and that this is not an insult but the actual shape of mercy.

Dev wrote: *E.R. — eleven steps. Nothing happened.*

From the register kept at the second temple:

Deepest advance into the field, by year: Year one, mean: 3.4 steps. Year two, mean: 9.1 steps. Year three, mean: 22.6 steps, skewed by one participant who walked the entire fifteen acres, lay down in the centre, and remained there through a light rain.

Discs: six. Glazed, not painted. Cleaned twice a year. Persons who have asked whether the discs are moons: 1,114. Persons who have been told they are not moons: 0.

The Third Temple — The Three Naves

F-03 · THE BATTERY · PIER A PLAZA · THE TEMPLE OF ARRIVAL

PLATE 04
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 04 OF 26
F-03
THE THREE NAVES
a basilica no wider than a parking bay
ASSEMBLY + TWO SIDE AISLES
H 44 FEET · L 76 FEET
ONE FOLLY, ONE OPENING · THE OPENING IS THE ONLY THING BOTH OF THEM AGREE ON

F-03 The Three Naves. A basilica no wider than a parking bay.

Three parallel vaults of unequal rise — twenty-two, thirty, twenty-four feet — the nave sprung eight feet above its aisles, a slotted mast at the west end admitting one blade of light at solar noon, and a single portal twenty feet high, deliberately larger than any door needs to be.

At eighty times it is aimed at the Narrows. Its west aisle overhangs the seawall.

The temple speaks:

I am a basilica and I am not ashamed of it. The form was stolen from a law court, and the law court stole it from a market, and I have stolen it back for people who arrive.

Three aisles. This is not decoration; it is a functioning diagram and I would like it read correctly.

The west aisle, twenty-two feet, is for coming. It is the low one, and it is low on purpose, because a person arriving has usually been made small and it is a cruelty to put them immediately under something

enormous. They sit in the west aisle. They are given nothing, asked nothing. Above them there is a single oculus and at midday a blade of light comes down through the slot in my mast and lies across the floor of that aisle like a plank you could walk on.

The nave, thirty feet, is for staying. This is where the desks are, and the forms, and the translators, and the four people who understand what a credible fear interview is and what it does to a person to have to prove, in the second language, in a corridor, with a number, that the thing that would happen to them at home would in fact happen to them at home.

The east aisle, twenty-four feet, is for going on. It is the aisle with the door to the ferry. It is one foot taller than the arriving aisle. One foot. That is the entire architectural argument of the third temple and I stand by it.

My portal is twenty feet high and there is a reason. Every person who comes through me has passed through a series of doors designed to make them smaller: the booth, the hatch, the window with the tray under it, the door that opens only from the other side. I am the first door in the sequence that is bigger than the person needs. Excess is the message. I am saying: here, at last, is a room that has more of everything than you require. Take the extra. It is yours. It was always meant to be yours.

The eighth temple and I are both threes. He is three merlons and I am three vaults and people are forever confusing our plates. We have an argument, which is old, about which is the greater hospitality — to receive, or to exchange. He says receiving makes a debtor of the guest. I say exchange makes a customer of the guest. Neither of us wins and we have both learned things.

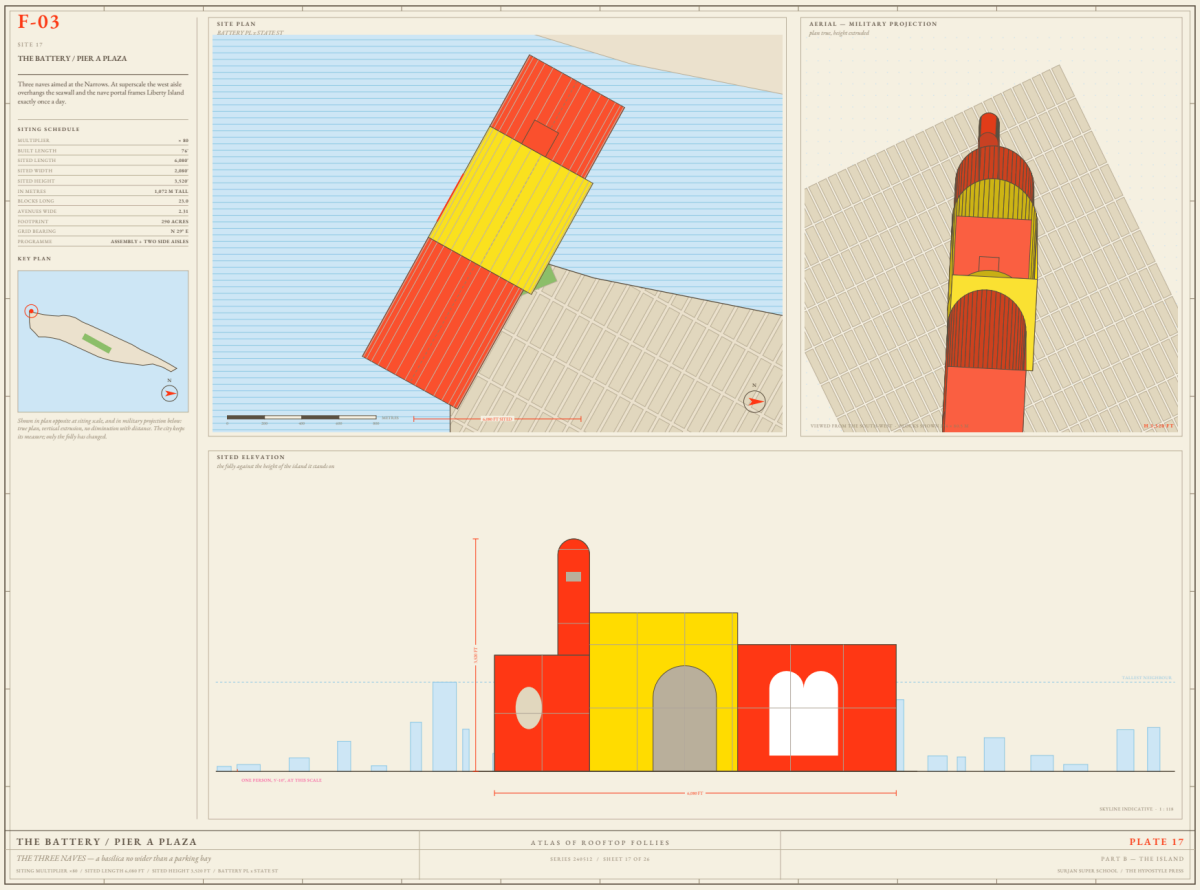

F-03
SITE 17
THE BATTERY / PIER A PLAZA
Three naves aimed at the Narrows. At superscale the west aisle overhangs the seawall and the nave portal frames Liberty Island exactly once a day.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 80
BUILT LENGTH 74′
SITED LENGTH 6,000′
SITED WIDTH 2,000′
SITED HEIGHT 3,320′
IN METRES 1,072 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 23.0
AVENUES WIDE 2.31
FOOTPRINT 290 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME ASSEMBLY + TWO SIDE AISLES
KEY PLAN
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extension, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
BATTERY PL × STATE ST
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
THE BATTERY / PIER A PLAZA
THE THREE NAVES — a basilica no wider than a parking bay
SITING MULTIPLIER ×80 / SITED LENGTH 6,000 FT / SITED HEIGHT 3,320 FT / BATTERY PL × STATE ST
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 17 OF 24
PLATE 17
PART B — THE ISLAND
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL / THE HYPOSTYLE PRIZE

Plate 17. The Three Naves at The Battery, siting multiplier ×80.

A visitor:

He arrived in November with a plastic folder and a phone with a cracked screen, and the first thing he did in the west aisle was apologise for being wet.

He was twenty-four. In the country he came from there is a law with a number, and he can recite the number, and the number has a subsection, and the subsection is about him, and he had spent eleven months learning to say the subsection in English because he had been told that the interviewers respond to specifics.

Augustiné P., who kept the harbour for forty years and who keeps the arrival now, listened to the entire recitation without interrupting, which took six minutes. Then he said: *You do not have to prove it to me. I am not the one who decides. I am only the one who is here.*

The young man did not know what to do with this. He had built a machine out of his own life — dates, threats, hospital records, the name of the street, the name of the officer — and had carried it eleven thousand kilometres, and someone had just told him he could put it down for an hour, and the muscles that had been holding it did not know how to let go.

He cried in the west aisle for a long time. At noon the blade of light came down through the mast and lay across the floor, as it does, indifferently, being only sunlight and geometry. He watched it move.

Then he said, in his own language, a sentence that Augustiné did not understand and did not ask about, and got up, and went into the nave, because the appointment was at one.

From the register kept at the third temple:

Persons received, year one: 2,208. Year two: 4,411. Year three: 6,090. Of these, granted: a number the keeper refuses to publish, on the grounds that publishing it would turn the temple into a statistic in someone else's argument. Of these, returned: a number the keeper refuses to publish, for the same reason, and with more heat.

The blade of light through the mast slot falls across the west aisle for eleven minutes either side of solar noon, and misses entirely on 41 days of the year, on which days it is customary to leave the west aisle lamp unlit, so that the absence is legible.

The Fourth Temple — The Double Crown

F-04 · HUDSON YARDS · THE WEST SIDE RAIL YARD · THE TEMPLE OF THE TWO NAMES

PLATE 05
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 05 OF 26
F-04
CABINET OBLIQUE
two lobes rising off a long red bar
DEPTH × 0.5 AT 30 DEGREES · THE DOUBLE CROWN · CLOUD CHAMBER + GALLERY

F-04 The Double Crown. Two lobes rising off a long red bar.

A bar sixty-six feet long with a uniform parapet, from which two lobed drums are lifted to forty-four feet. The drums are double-skinned: outer sheet, an eighteen-inch cavity, an inner liner. The cavity is the chamber. A white cloud runs across the south face and continues around the corner.

At one hundred and fifteen times it straddles thirty tracks. Trains enter beneath it and are unavailable to view for four hundred feet.

The temple speaks:

I keep the register of names and I want to be precise about what that means, because everyone assumes I am a place of destruction and I am not.

A person comes to me with two names. One was given and one was chosen. The culture has arranged a ceremony for this in which the given name is burned, or crossed out, or shouted down, and the person is

told that they are now free of it. I have watched this ceremony many times and I have seen what it costs. Because a name given is also a name that was, for some years, worn — carried to school, called across a yard, written eleven hundred times on the top right corner of a page, said with love by people who are now dead and who cannot be asked to update their records.

To burn it is to burn the child who wore it, and the child did nothing wrong.

So: my drums are double-skinned. Between the outer sheet and the inner liner there is a cavity eighteen inches wide, running the full height of both crowns, and in that cavity the old names are written on strips of aluminium and hung on a rail. They are not on display. They are not destroyed. They are in the wall.

The person writes the given name and hangs it in the cavity, and then walks out through the yellow soffit at the east return — the only warm reveal on my whole body — and on the other side of that reveal there is a second strip, and on the second strip they write the name that is theirs, and that one is fixed to the outside, at eye height, where the weather gets at it.

One name in the wall. One name in the weather. Both of them the same person. Nothing burned.

The trains run under me continuously. This was not my idea but I have made use of it. When the register gets heavy — and it does; there are eleven thousand strips in me now and on a windy day the cavity sounds like a wind chime made by someone with no sense of restraint — the trains come through and take the sound away west, and the whole enormous machinery of departure is directly under the floor, which I find steadying, and which some visitors find unbearable, and both responses are correct.

The tenth temple and I are careful with each other. He holds the names of the dead and I hold the names of the living-who-were, and we have agreed, without ever quite saying it, that we are the same building at different temperatures. We do not visit. We send messages by the wind, which is unreliable, which suits us.

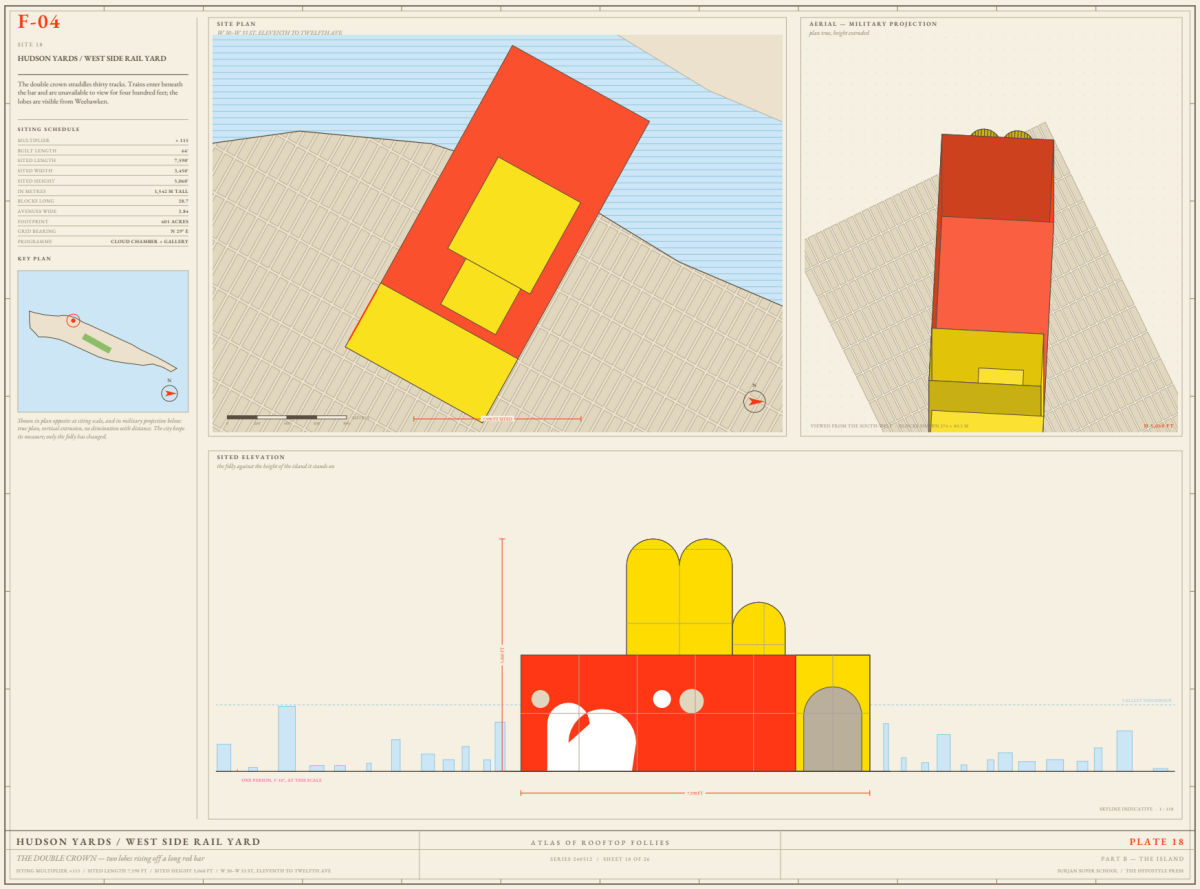

F-04
SITE 18
HUDSON YARDS / WEST SIDE RAIL YARD
The double crown straddles thirty tracks. Trains enter beneath the bar and are unavailable to view for four hundred feet; the lobes are visible from Weehawken.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER ×115
BUILT LENGTH 64′
SITED LENGTH 7,350′
SITED WIDTH 3,450′
SITED HEIGHT 5,060′
IN METRES 1,542 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 28.7
AVENUES WIDE 1.84
FOOTPRINT 601 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME CLOUD CHAMBER + GALLERY
KEY PLAN
N
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extension, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
W 36-W 33 ST, ELEVENTH TO TWELFTH AVE
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
HUDSON YARDS / WEST SIDE RAIL YARD
THE DOUBLE CROWN — two lobes rising off a long red bar
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 18 OF 24
PLATE 18
PART II — THE ISLAND
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL / THE SPINSTYLE PRESS

Plate 18. The Double Crown over the West Side Rail Yard, ×115.

A visitor:

She was forty-four and she had been out for nine years and she had never done the strips, because she thought the whole business was sentimental, and she is an engineer, and she is on record as having called the fourth temple *a very expensive filing cabinet.*

She came on a Wednesday to fix the rail. That is what she told June Okonkwo, who keeps the register and who is also a signals engineer and who had put out a call for someone who understood corrosion. The rail in the north cavity had begun to sag under eleven thousand strips and there was a real chance of a failure and, as June put it in the notice, *the failure mode is that every name in the north drum falls into a heap at the bottom of a wall, which I am not prepared to explain to anybody.*

So she came with a bag of tools and spent nine hours in an eighteen-inch cavity, forty-four feet up, in the dark, with a head-torch, hanging a new rail. And for nine hours she was surrounded, at a distance of eleven inches on either side, by aluminium strips with names on them, moving very slightly, ringing very slightly, every time a train went under.

She came down at eight in the evening. June had the kettle on. And she said, in a completely level voice, the voice of a person delivering a technical finding:

There are four in there with my old name on them.

And June said: *Yes. There would be.*

And she said: *I didn't know there were other people with it.*

And that was all she said for a while.

She wrote her strip at eleven o'clock that night. She hung it herself, in the north drum, on the rail she had built, which she says is the only piece of sentimentality she will admit to and which she insists is really about load paths.

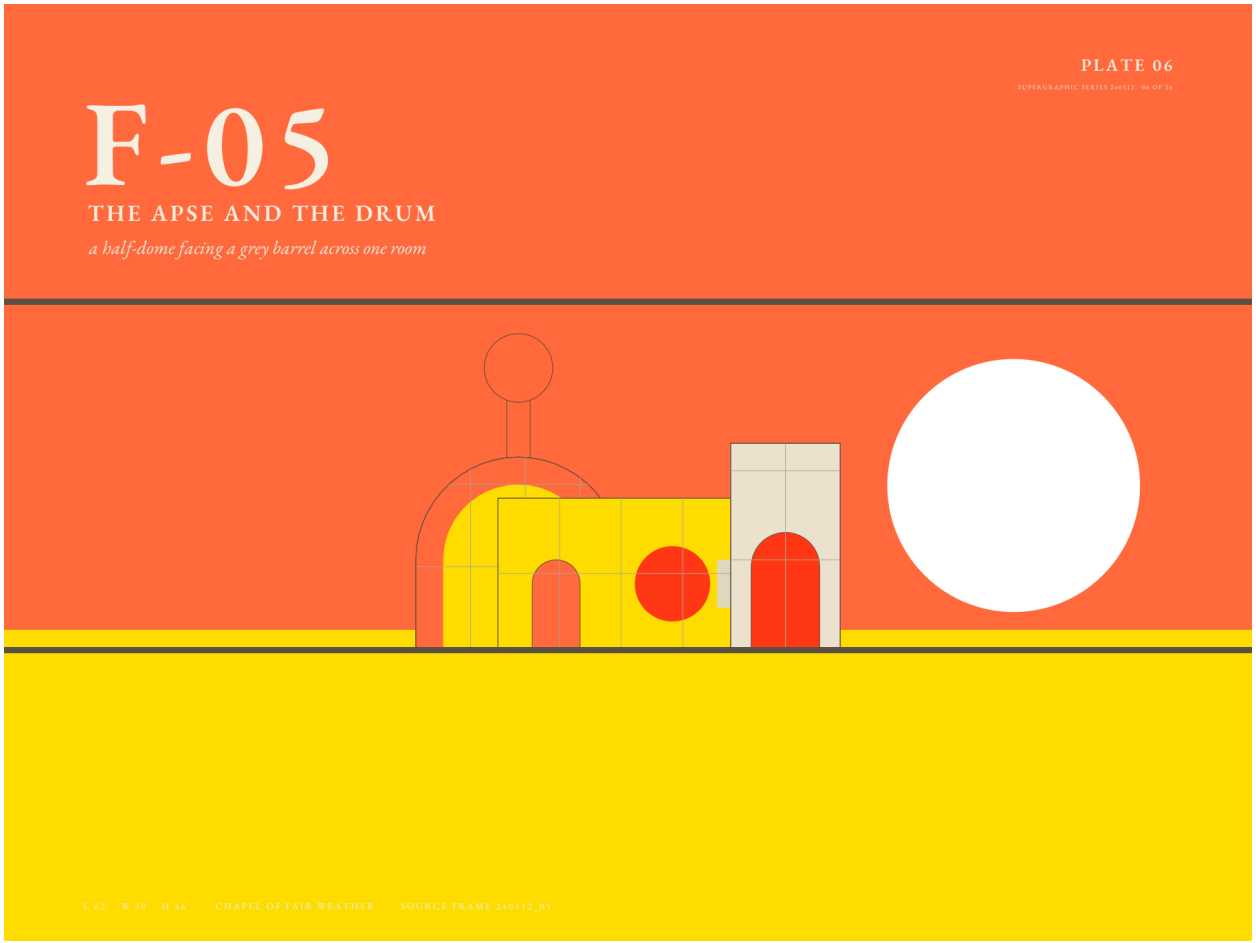
From the register kept at the fourth temple:

Strips in the north drum: 6,114. Strips in the south drum: 5,209. Strips on the outer face, in the weather: 11,323. Discrepancy: 0. Every name in the wall has a name in the weather. This is checked annually and the check has never yet failed, though in the second year it required four months and the assistance of eleven volunteers to establish, one strip having been hung upside down.

Names in the cavity that also appear, in the weather, on another person's strip: 41. The keeper regards this figure as the most beautiful fact in the entire book.

The Fifth Temple — The Apse and the Drum

F-05 · WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH · THE TEMPLE OF FAIR WEATHER



F-05 The Apse and the Drum. A half-dome facing a grey barrel across one room.

A half-dome thirty feet in diameter, cut flat at the springing and rendered as one yellow arch; an orange disc eleven feet across, which is not an opening but a painted sun set at eye height for the far kerb; a grey barrel at the east end holding stair, tank, and the only lockable door in the series — the lock is on the tank cupboard, and the keeper has the key, and the door to the room has no lock at all.

At seventy times it replaces the arch and faces it down the axis of Fifth Avenue. The painted sun sits at the exact height of the old keystone.

The temple speaks:

I am the room for the ones who got old, which the culture did not expect us to do.

You must understand what I am against. There is an idea, very persistent, that we are a young people — that this is a country of the twenties, that after a certain age you are either partnered and quiet or you are a

cautionary tale. The idea is a lie and it was manufactured for a reason and the reason is that a generation was taken. Take a generation out of a people and what remains looks young, because the middle is missing, and then everyone concludes that there is no middle and no old age, and the ones who did get old are asked, gently, to be discreet.

So I painted a sun on my wall and I set it eleven feet across and I put it at the height of an eye standing on the far kerb, and I did not make it a window. A window changes with the day. My sun does not set, does not rise, is not affected by weather, is the same at four in the afternoon in June and four in the afternoon in January. I have been criticised for this by the second temple, who says a painted sun is a lie. I have told her: it is not a lie, it is a promise, and the difference is that a lie is about the past.

The chess tables are inside me now. This was not planned. At seventy times my drum end occupies the ground where the tables were, and rather than remove them the keeper had them lifted and set down in the nave, and now there are eleven tables in a half-dome thirty feet across — three hundred feet the way you will see it in the plates — and the sound of a clock being hit is the principal acoustic event of my day.

Mrs. Eleanor V., who keeps fair weather and who is eighty-four and who has lived on Waverly Place since 1968, plays four games a day and loses most of them and says this is deliberate.

I know things the others do not. The sixth temple, at the pier, keeps the young at night, and he calls me sometimes across the island — a temple can call another temple; it is a matter of long low sounds and the right wind — and he asks me what to say to a nineteen-year-old at four in the morning, and I tell him: nothing. Sit down. Be old in front of them. That is the whole service. They have never seen it done. They do not know it is available.

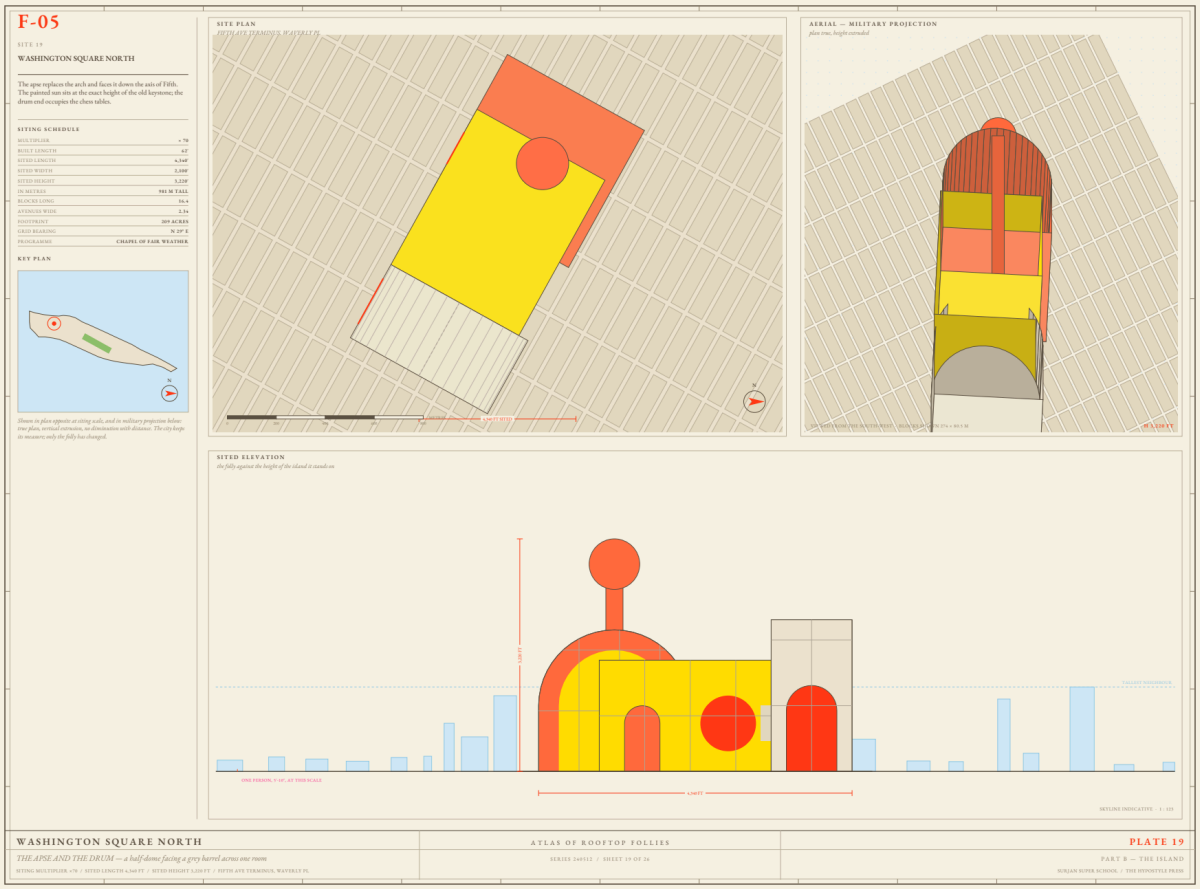

F-05
SITE 19
WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH
The apse replaces the arch and faces it down the axis of Fifth. The painted sun sits at the exact height of the old keystone; the drum end occupies the chess tables.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 70
BUILT LENGTH 62′
SITED LENGTH 4,340′
SITED WIDTH 2,100′
SITED HEIGHT 3,220′
IN METRES 981 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 16.4
AVENUES WIDE 2.34
FOOTPRINT 209 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME CHAPEL OF FAIR WEATHER
KEY PLAN
N
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
FIFTH AVE TERMINUS, WAVERLY PL
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
3,220 FT
4,340 FT
WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH
THE APSE AND THE DRUM — a half-dome facing a grey barrel across one room
SITING MULTIPLIER ×70 / SITED LENGTH 4,340 FT / SITED HEIGHT 3,220 FT / FIFTH AVE TERMINUS, WAVERLY PL
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 19 OF 26
PLATE 19
PART II — THE ISLAND
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL / THE HYPOSTYLE PRESS

Plate 19. The Apse and the Drum at Washington Square North, ×70.

A visitor:

He came in for the chess and stayed eleven years, which is the standard joke at the fifth temple and is, in his case, literally true.

He was sixty-six when he first came, a retired pharmacist, a widower — that was the word he used, and used correctly, and had had to fight a family for the right to use, in 1994, at a funeral he was not invited to and attended anyway, standing at the back in a good coat.

He did not talk about any of that for four years. He played chess. He was extremely good and pretended to be moderate. He lost to Mrs. V. on Tuesdays with a straight face.

In the fifth year a boy of about nineteen came in from the sixth temple — they arrive in a small stream, referred north by Cass, who has an instinct — and sat down at a table and played very badly and asked, in the way that the young ask, whether it got easier.

And the pharmacist said: *No.*

The room went slightly quiet, because that is not the sanctioned answer.

And then he said: *It does not get easier. It gets larger. You get more of everything — more people, more rooms, more Tuesdays. The hard part stays exactly the same size and everything around it grows. That is the whole trick, and nobody tells you, and I am telling you.*

Mrs. V. says it is the best thing that has ever been said inside her, and she includes the architect's own remarks in that assessment.

From the register kept at the fifth temple:

Chess tables: 11. Games recorded, year three: 14,402 — the coincidence with the first temple's third-year count has been noted, investigated, and declared meaningless by both keepers, jointly, in writing. Mean age of participants: 61. Youngest: 16, referred north. Oldest: 91, who plays by telephone with the receiver held to the board by Mrs. V., and who has not lost since 2019.

The painted sun requires repainting every fourth year. The colour is FF3B14 and there is no substitute, and the keeper has been known to refuse deliveries.

The Sixth Temple — The Horned Gable

F-06 · CHELSEA · PIER 62 · HUDSON RIVER PARK · THE TEMPLE OF THE WARMING ROOM

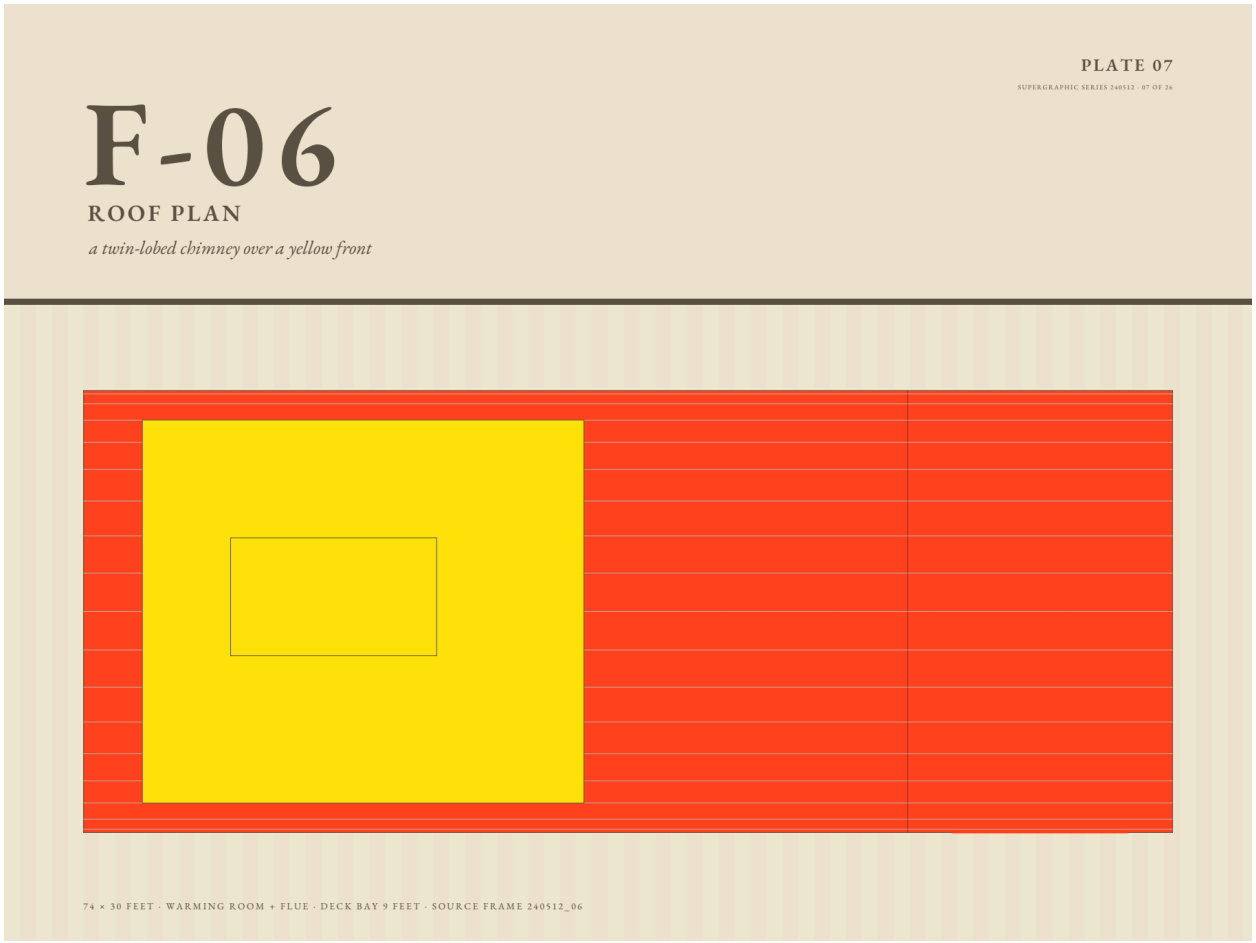


PLATE 07
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 07 OF 26
F-06
ROOF PLAN
a twin-lobed chimney over a yellow front
74 × 30 FEET · WARMING ROOM + FLUE · DECK BAY 9 FEET · SOURCE FRAME 240512_06

F-06 The Horned Gable. A twin-lobed chimney over a yellow front.

A single barrel thirty feet across and seventy-four long, fronted by a yellow apsidal screen set two feet proud; a twin-lobed flue rising to fifty-two feet, the tallest element in the series and the only one with a duct in it; a rear bay left open on both flanks.

At eighty-five times it is set half on land and half on water. The tide passes under the last two ribs.

The temple speaks:

I am open when nothing else is.

That is not a boast. It is a shift pattern. From four in the afternoon until six the following morning there is a light on in me and a person in me and a kettle in me that is a kettle. That is my entire specification. Everything else — the flue, the lobes, the two feet of proud screen, the white quarter-round that reads from

the ramp — is a way of saying *there is a light on here* to a person who is a mile away, at one in the morning, in a coat that is not a winter coat.

My flue is a navigation mark. The engineers will tell you it is a duct and they are correct; there is a stove at my north end and the stove needs a flue and the flue is fifty-two feet because of a calculation I do not fully follow. But height is height, and what is tall is visible, and what is visible at night is a decision about who is expected.

I have thought about this a great deal. In the old arrangement, the visible things were the things you were meant to enter if you were expected: the lobby, the hotel, the church with the noticeboard. And the places where we could go were the invisible ones — the unlit end of the pier, the door with no sign, the third basement, the back room of the back room. We got very good at invisible. We built an entire civilisation in the dark and lost most of it and did not get to keep the plans.

So I am fifty-two feet of yellow with a stove in it, and I am on the water, and I am lit, and I have no door leaves at all, and if you are seventeen and it is two in the morning and you cannot go back to the address on your identification, you can see me from a long way off, and I am not a trap, and you will not be asked anything.

The rear bay is open on both flanks. Kids sleep there in summer with the river coming through. In winter we hang canvas, which the architect hates, and which stays.

The tide comes under my last two ribs twice a day and takes a little of me each time. I am aware of this. It is a fair exchange for standing where I stand.

The fifth temple, at the square, is my elder and I call her most nights. I do not always have a question. Sometimes I just want to hear a building that has been standing for a while.

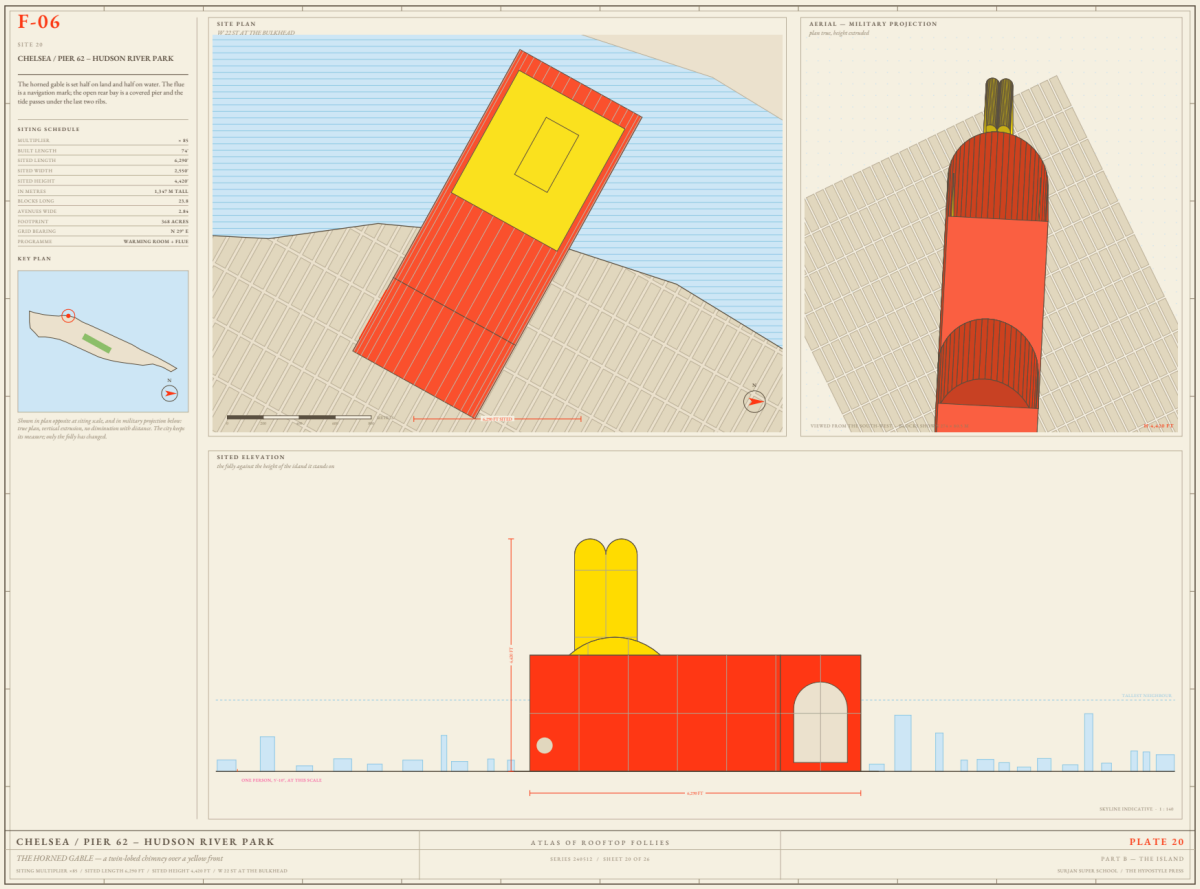

F-06
SITE 20
CHELSEA / PIER 62 – HUDSON RIVER PARK
The horned gable is set half on land and half on water. The flue is a navigation mark; the open rear bay is a covered pier and the tide passes under the last two ribs.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 85
BUILT LENGTH 74′
SITED LENGTH 6,290′
SITED WIDTH 2,958′
SITED HEIGHT 6,420′
IN METRES 1,347 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 25.8
AVENUES WIDE 2.84
FOOTPRINT 368 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME WARMING ROOM + FLUE
KEY PLAN
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
W 22ST AT THE BULKHEAD
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
CHELSEA / PIER 62 – HUDSON RIVER PARK
THE HORNED GABLE — a twin-lobed chimney over a yellow front
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
PLATE 20

Plate 20. The Horned Gable at Pier 62, siting multiplier ×85.

A visitor:

There are, on average, eleven of them a night, and it would be a betrayal of the sixth temple to make a story out of any one of them, so here instead is the story of the canvas.

In the first winter the rear bay was open on both flanks as designed, and the design was correct and the design was wrong, which is a thing that happens. The river came through at forty degrees and the kids moved forward into the main vault and slept in a heap by the stove, which was fine, and which meant that a person arriving at four had to walk past eleven sleeping people to reach the light, which was not fine, because the whole point of the sixth temple is that you can come in without being witnessed.

Cass wrote to the architect. The architect wrote back a long letter about the rear bay being a covered pier and not a room and about the tide and the ribs and the necessity of the open flank as a diagram of hospitality.

Cass wrote back one line: *They are cold.*

The canvas went up the following week. It is the wrong colour — it is a canvas colour, a dun, a nothing, and it appears in no plate in this book and the architect has never drawn it. It is fixed with eleven grommets to a rail and it is taken down every May.

The kids call it the wall. As in: *sit by the wall, it's warmer.* There is no wall. There is a piece of cloth that a keeper won an argument about.

From the register kept at the sixth temple:

The sixth temple keeps no register. Cass has refused, in writing, three times.

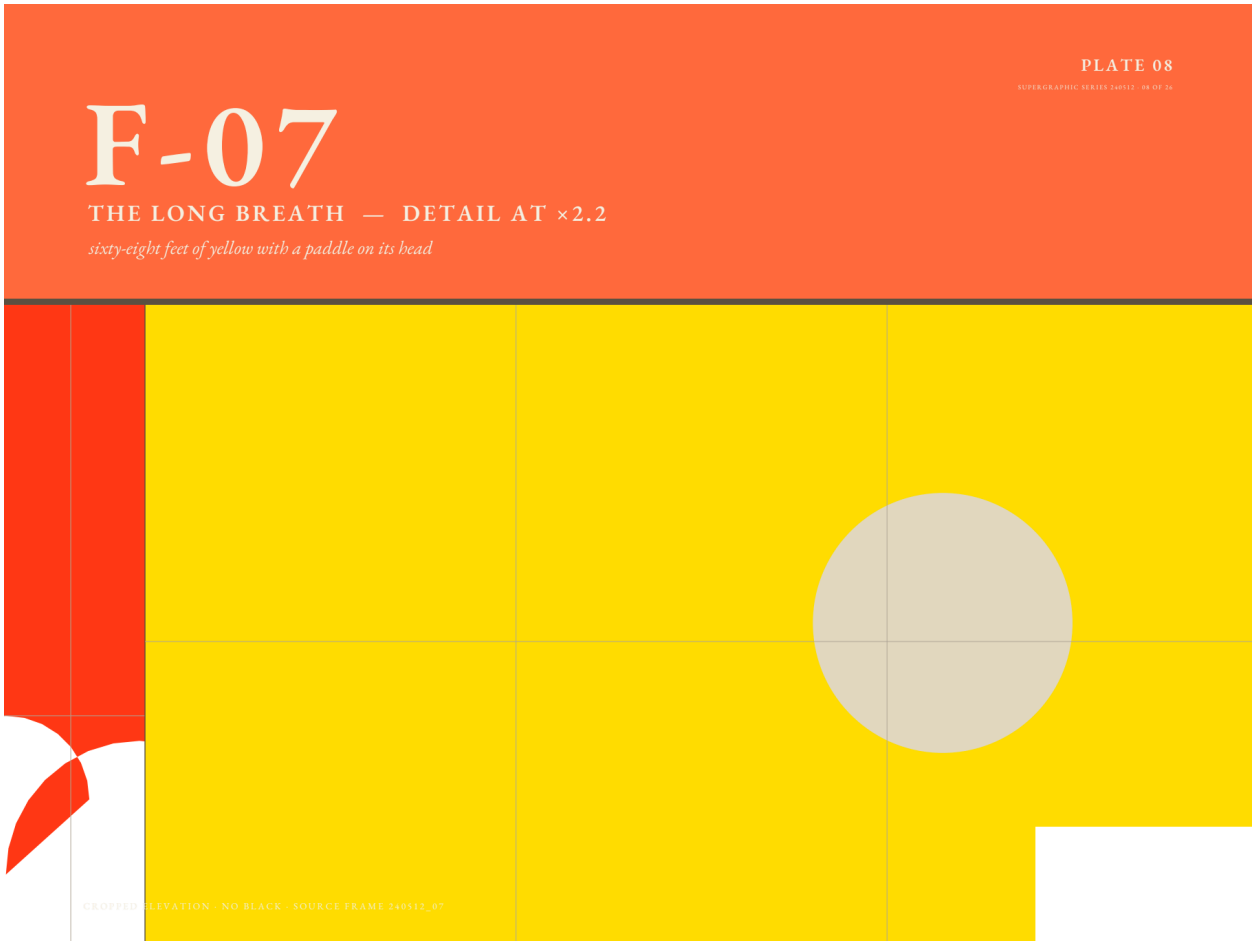
The refusal, in full, as posted inside the flue where the wind gets at it:

A register is a list of people who were somewhere. There is no such list here and there will not be one while I am the one holding the door. If a person comes in at two in the morning and I write their initial in a book, then I have made a record of a night that they may need, later, to have not existed. I will count kettles. I will count nights. I will count the canvas up and the canvas down. I will not count people. Take it out of my wages.

Kettles boiled, year three: 41,206. Nights open: 365. Nights closed: 0. Canvas: up 4 November, down 11 May.

The Seventh Temple — The Long Breath

F-07 · HARLEM · MARCUS GARVEY PARK · THE TEMPLE OF THE LONG WALK



F-07 The Long Breath. Seventy-four feet of yellow with a paddle on its head.

The longest folly of the series: seventy-four feet, single vault, thirty-four-foot span, no internal support. A red apsidal head six feet deep holding the stair to the crown walk. A paddle finial at fifty feet, which turns eight degrees in wind and is the series' only moving part. Two portals, at opposite ends and opposite scales, so that the hall is never a destination.

At ninety-five times it runs the full four blocks of the park, its paddle turning above the acropolis, its portals aimed at 120th and 125th.

The temple speaks:

I want to say at the beginning who I belong to, because a building that gets this wrong is worse than no building.

The walk that happens in me was not invented here and was not invented by the architect and is not hers to give away. It was made by Black and Latine queer and trans people, in this city, in rooms that were rented by the hour or not rented at all, over decades, at enormous cost, and it was a whole civilisation with its own law, its own titles, its own mothers and fathers, its own courts of judgment, and it was made while the rest of the city was busy pretending that none of them existed. It survived being ignored, and then it survived being discovered, which is much harder.

I am a guest. My whole length is a guest. Mother Iris D., of the house of the long walk, keeps me, and the correct description of our arrangement is that she permits me to be here.

What I can offer is length. That is what I am for. Everything else in the series is a room; I am a distance. Seventy-four feet, which is to say seven thousand and thirty, which is to say a walk of four city blocks under one continuous vault with no column in the way and no place where you must turn.

Because the walk needs distance. A walk is a sentence and it needs room to finish. In a short room you get a pose, and a pose is a photograph, and a photograph is what the outside world takes from us and sells. The walk is not a photograph. The walk is time. It is a person coming toward you from very far away, becoming legible in stages — first a shape, then a rhythm, then a face, then a specific and unrepeatable person doing something that they and their house have refined over years and that is being judged, right now, by people qualified to judge it.

My two portals are different sizes on purpose. You come in at the small end and go out at the great end. Nobody may enter through the great end. That rule is Iris's, not the architect's, and it was made in the first month, and it is the only thing in the whole series that anybody has ever been asked to leave for breaking.

My paddle turns eight degrees. That is all it does. Iris says it is the applause of the building itself and that the building is being modest.

The ninth temple, at the fountain, does stages too. He and I discuss the difference. He performs for people who bought a ticket. I hold a floor for people who are being assessed by their own, which is a harder room, and a more loving one, and he has said so himself.

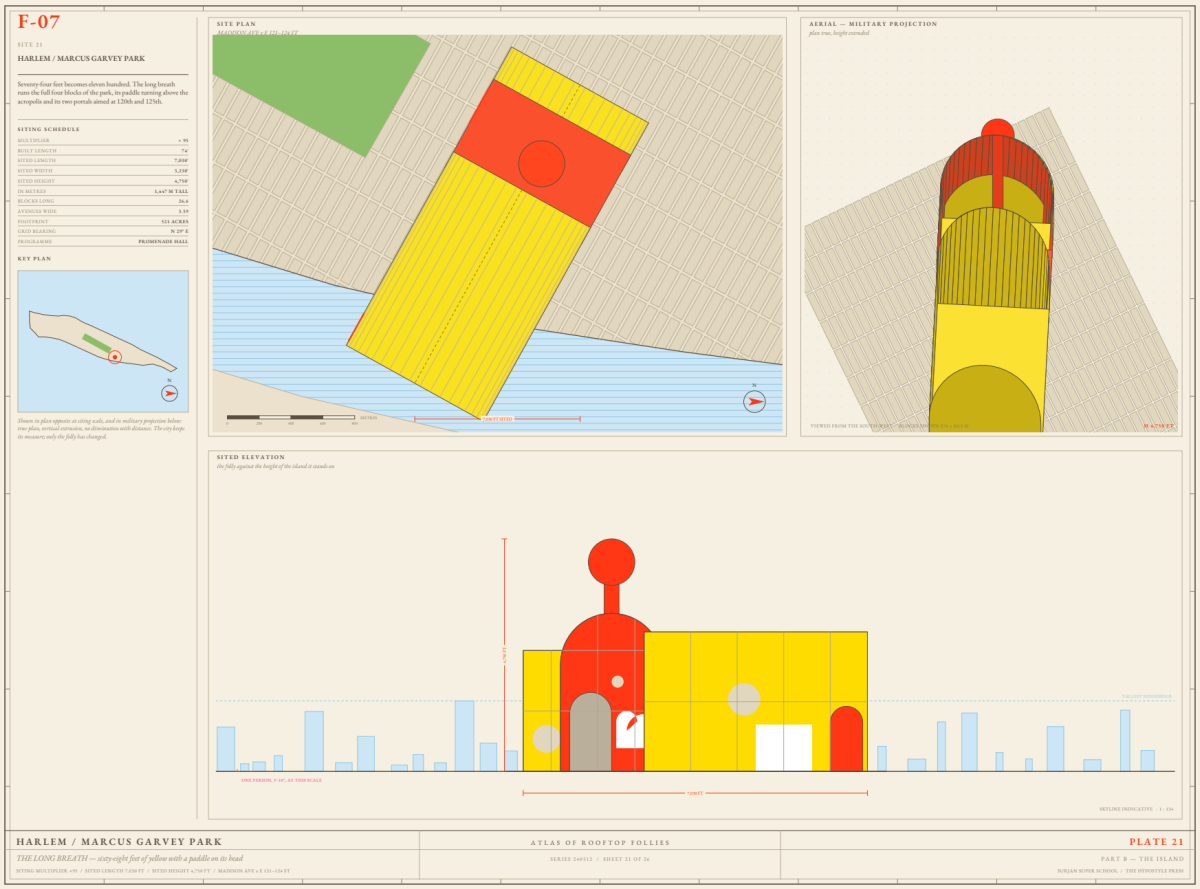

F-07
SITE 21
HARLEM / MARCUS GARVEY PARK
Seventy-four feet becomes eleven hundred. The long breath runs the full four blocks of the park, its paddle turning above the acropolis and its two portals aimed at 120th and 125th.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 95
BUILT LENGTH 74′
SITED LENGTH 7,030′
SITED WIDTH 3,230′
SITED HEIGHT 4,750′
IN METRES 1,447 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 26.6
AVENUES WIDE 3.55
FOOTPRINT 521 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME PROMENADE HALL
KEY PLAN
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
HARLEM / MARCUS GARVEY PARK
THE LONG BREATH — sixty-eight feet of yellow with a paddle on its head.
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
PLATE 21

Plate 21. The Long Breath at Marcus Garvey Park, siting multiplier ×95.

A visitor:

She was fifteen and she had come up on the train alone from a town in New Jersey with a bag containing a change of clothes and eleven dollars, and she stood at the small portal for forty minutes without going in.

The seventh temple has a procedure for this, and the procedure is that nobody goes to fetch you.

At the fortieth minute Mother Iris walked the length of the hall, from the great end to the small end, seven thousand feet of it in the drawings, taking her time, and stopped ten feet short of the portal, and did not come out, and said: *You've been there a while.*

And the girl said: *I don't know how to do it.*

And Iris said: *Nobody does it at the door. The door is where you stand and think you can't. Come and sit down and watch three people do it badly.*

She sat for four hours. She watched twenty-two people, of whom, in her later account, nineteen were extraordinary and three were learning and it was the three who convinced her, because they were bad in a room where being bad was allowed and where a woman of sixty called out one specific correctable thing to each of them and then applauded.

She did not walk that night. She walked eleven weeks later, badly, for nine seconds, and stopped in the middle and could not continue and stood there in the enormous hall with her hands at her sides.

Iris let it go on for a full four seconds — she has said since that this was the hardest professional decision of her life — and then said, from the far end, at conversational volume, which in that vault carries the entire seven thousand feet: *Finish it. However you like. But finish it.*

She finished it. She walked out of the great end at the far side.

She is nineteen now and she has a house name and she is not going to be discussed further in this book, because she is a person and not an illustration, and Mother Iris has read this page and approved it up to this line and no further.

From the register kept at the seventh temple:

The register at the seventh is kept by the house and not by the architect and its contents are not the property of this book. What has been released, with permission, is the following:

Length of the hall: 7,030 feet as sited. Time taken to walk it at ceremonial pace: 22 minutes. Persons who have entered by the great end in error: 41. Persons who have entered by the great end deliberately: 1, in year two, who was asked to leave and who left and who returned in year three by the correct door and was welcomed without comment.

Degrees of rotation of the paddle, maximum recorded: 8. Occasions on which the paddle has been photographed and the photograph captioned as *applause*: uncounted, and Iris says leave it.

The Eighth Temple — The Three Merlons

F-08 · SOUTH STREET SEAPORT · PIER 17 · THE TEMPLE OF THE FREE MARKET

PLATE 09
F-08
THE THREE MERLONS
a bar with battlements borrowed from nothing
OPEN MARKET SHED
H 42 FEET · L 82 FEET
ONE FOLLY, ONE OPENING · THE OPENING IS THE ONLY THING BOTH OF THEM AGREE ON

F-08 The Three Merlons. A bar with battlements borrowed from nothing.

Two vaults of near-equal rise butted end to end, the joint expressed as a change of colour only; three merlons at thirty-eight, thirty-four and forty-two feet, hollow, ventilated, holding nothing; a continuous market floor; one door and eleven ways in.

At eighty times, the three merlons align with the towers of the bridge when seen from the Fulton stair.

The temple speaks:

Nothing in me is for sale. This is the first thing people are told and the last thing they believe.

I am a market shed for a market that left, and I have kept the form and thrown away the transaction, and what remains is the part that was always the good part: a long floor, a roof, and people bringing things.

Here is what is in me on an ordinary Saturday. Four rails of clothing, sorted by nothing, because sorting clothing by anything is a decision about bodies and I decline to make it. A table of shoes. A table of coats,

which in November is not a table but a mountain. Two sewing machines and a woman who alters for free and who will tell you, if you ask her, that taking in a jacket for a person who has spent nine years in clothes that were bought for someone else is not charity, it is engineering.

A shelf of medicine that must not be described in detail in a printed book, and which is administered by people with the appropriate training, and which the eighth temple regards as its most important function and its least architectural one.

A table of documents. Forms, and the four people who understand them. Name-change petitions, which cost money, which is a scandal in itself; the fee waiver, which exists, which nobody is told about, which is on my table in eleven languages.

A box of nothing but chargers.

And, at the north end, under the tallest merlon, a table with nothing on it at all, which is where you put the thing you are giving away, and where you may also, if you need, put nothing and take something, and no one at the eighth temple will look up while you do it. That table is the whole design. Everything else is a shed.

My merlons are hollow and ventilated and hold nothing. People find this troubling. A merlon is a battlement; a battlement is for defence; a defence with nothing behind it is either a joke or a bluff. I say: it is neither. It is a shape that says *this place is defended* to anyone who needs to hear it, and there is nothing behind it because the defending is done by the eleven hundred people who come here on a Saturday, and you cannot put that in a wall.

The third temple, at the tip, and I argue about hospitality. He receives; I exchange. He says exchange makes the guest into a customer. I say receiving makes the guest into a debtor, and the debt is the thing that keeps a person from coming back a second time, and I have watched people not come back a second time for eleven years and I know exactly what it costs them.

We have never settled it. Twice a year we swap keepers for a week, which was his idea, and which works.

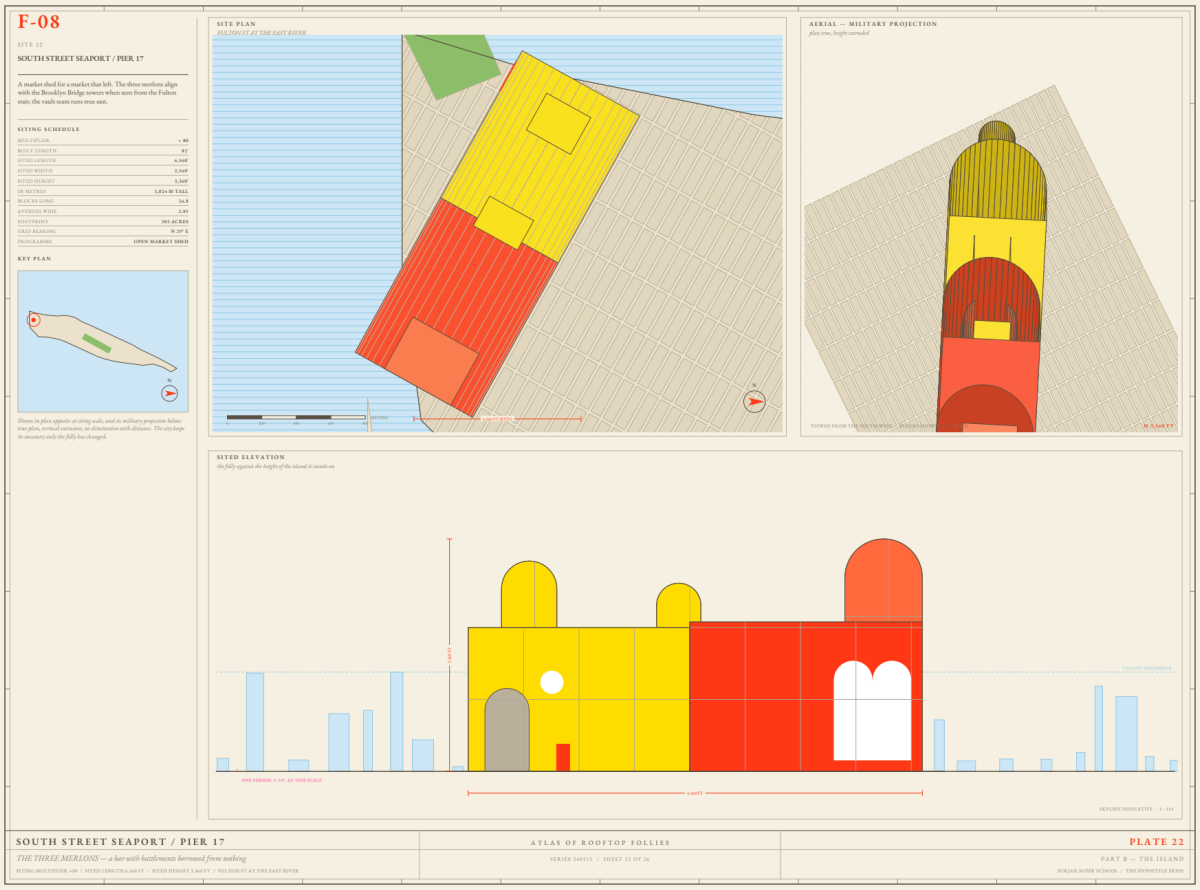

F-08
SITE 22
SOUTH STREET SEAPORT / PIER 17
A market shed for a market that left. The three merlons align with the Brooklyn Bridge towers when seen from the Fulton stair; the vault seam runs true east.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 80
BUILT LENGTH 82′
SITED LENGTH 6,560′
SITED WIDTH 2,560′
SITED HEIGHT 3,360′
IN METRES 1,024 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 24.8
AVENUES WIDE 2.85
FOOTPRINT 385 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME OPEN MARKET SHED
KEY PLAN
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
FULTON ST AT THE EAST RIVER
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
SOUTH STREET SEAPORT / PIER 17
THE THREE MERLONS — a bar with battlements, borrowed from nothing
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
PLATE 22

Plate 22. The Three Merlons at Pier 17, siting multiplier ×80.

A visitor:

A man came in every Saturday for two years and never took anything.

He was a fishmonger's son, from the old market, which had been on that ground before the ground was a temple, and Tomás R. — who keeps the free market, and who is also a fishmonger's son, and who is not the same person, this being one of the small coincidences that the eighth temple attracts — watched him come and go for two years with his hands in his pockets.

He brought things. That was the thing. He brought a coat, once. He brought four chargers, later. He brought, in the second winter, a box of forty-one pairs of gloves, all new, all the same, which is the kind of gift that makes a keeper suspicious.

In the third year Tomás finally asked him, because it had gone on long enough: *What do you actually need?*

And the man said: *Nothing. I'm fine.*

And Tomás said: *Nobody comes here for two years because they're fine.*

And the man stood there at the north table, the empty one, for a while.

And then he said: *My son used to come here. Before. When it was the fish market and there was nothing here for him. He used to come and stand at the end of the pier at night and I knew where he was going and I said nothing and I let him go on thinking I didn't know. And he died, and I never said the sentence, and there is nowhere to say it now.*

Tomás said: *There is. It's at Times Square. It's forty-four hundred feet high and it's yellow and you can't miss it.*

The man said he was too old for that.

Tomás said: *Rosa had a man of seventy-eight in November.*

He went in the spring. He has not discussed it. He still brings gloves.

From the register kept at the eighth temple:

Items received, year three: 40,112. Items taken, year three: 40,096. Discrepancy: 16, which is the number of items that were received, taken, brought back, and taken again, and which the keeper counts once, on principle.

Fee waiver forms distributed: 1,140. Fee waiver forms returned completed: 1,111. Difference explained by the keeper as *twenty-nine people who took the form to think about it, which is also a use.*

Chargers: uncountable. The chargers replenish themselves by a mechanism nobody has ever satisfactorily explained.

The Ninth Temple — The Two Suns

F-09 · LINCOLN CENTER · JOSIE ROBERTSON PLAZA · THE TEMPLE OF THE DOUBLE LIFE

PLATE 10
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 10 OF 26
F-09
CABINET OBLIQUE
twin discs riding the ridge of a single vault
DEPTH × 0.5 AT 30 DEGREES · THE TWO SUNS · SOLAR ROOM + ANNEX

F-09 The Two Suns. Twin discs riding the ridge of a single vault.

A fifty-eight-foot vault carrying two disc-headed masts on the ridge line, at forty-four and forty-two feet. A red arch and a white arch, the same figure at different pressures, both of them paint. A satellite kiosk detached by four feet, so that light passes between the two at noon. The west end is left open in full section.

At seventy-five times the two suns stand at one thousand two hundred and thirty and one thousand one hundred and seventy-five feet above the fountain, and the kiosk lands in the basin.

The temple speaks:

I have two arches on my south face and they are the same arch. The one on the left is red and the one on the right is white and they are the identical figure — same radius, same springing, same setting-out — and the only difference between them is the colour they have been given by the world.

This is my entire subject and I would like to take it slowly, because it is usually described badly.

The double life is not two lives. It is one life with two pressure ratings. There is the version of a person that has been tested and certified for public use — the one that goes to the office, that appears at the family table, that is pleasant to the neighbours, that is not *lying*, exactly, but has been engineered with a very large factor of safety. And there is the version that operates at the actual working pressure, among people who know, in rooms with the right acoustics.

The culture instructs us to collapse the two, and it calls this collapse *authenticity*, and it is impatient with anyone who has not managed it yet. I want to say something unpopular. The double life is not a moral failure. For a great many people it has been a *load-bearing structure*, and it has held, and they are alive because it held, and to sneer at it from a position of safety is a species of cruelty that comes dressed as liberation.

What I am for is not the collapse. What I am for is the moment when a person can see both of their arches at once, from the far side of the fountain, and can say: that one is red, that one is white, and both of them are mine, and I built both of them, and I am not ashamed of the load either of them has carried.

Some people, having seen that, then choose to live at one pressure. Good. Some do not, or cannot, or not yet. Also good. My arches do not have an opinion about which of them you prefer. They are the same arch.

My west end is open in full section. This is deliberate and it is my one act of violence. From the plaza you can see straight into me — the whole curve, the whole depth, no facade at all. There is a moment, walking around my west corner, when the building stops being an elevation and becomes an interior, and there is nothing you can do to prepare for it, and people have been known to stop walking.

Nikolai B., who keeps the two arches, is a second violin and an understudy and has been an understudy for eleven years, and says that this qualifies him better than a soloist would be qualified.

The second temple teaches being seen in daylight. I teach being seen under lights. We disagree, warmly, about which is the harder examination. I hold that mine is harder, because an audience that has paid is an audience with expectations. She holds that hers is harder, because an audience that has not paid can leave, and does, and does not notice, and you must find the value of the act in the act. She is right. I have never told her.

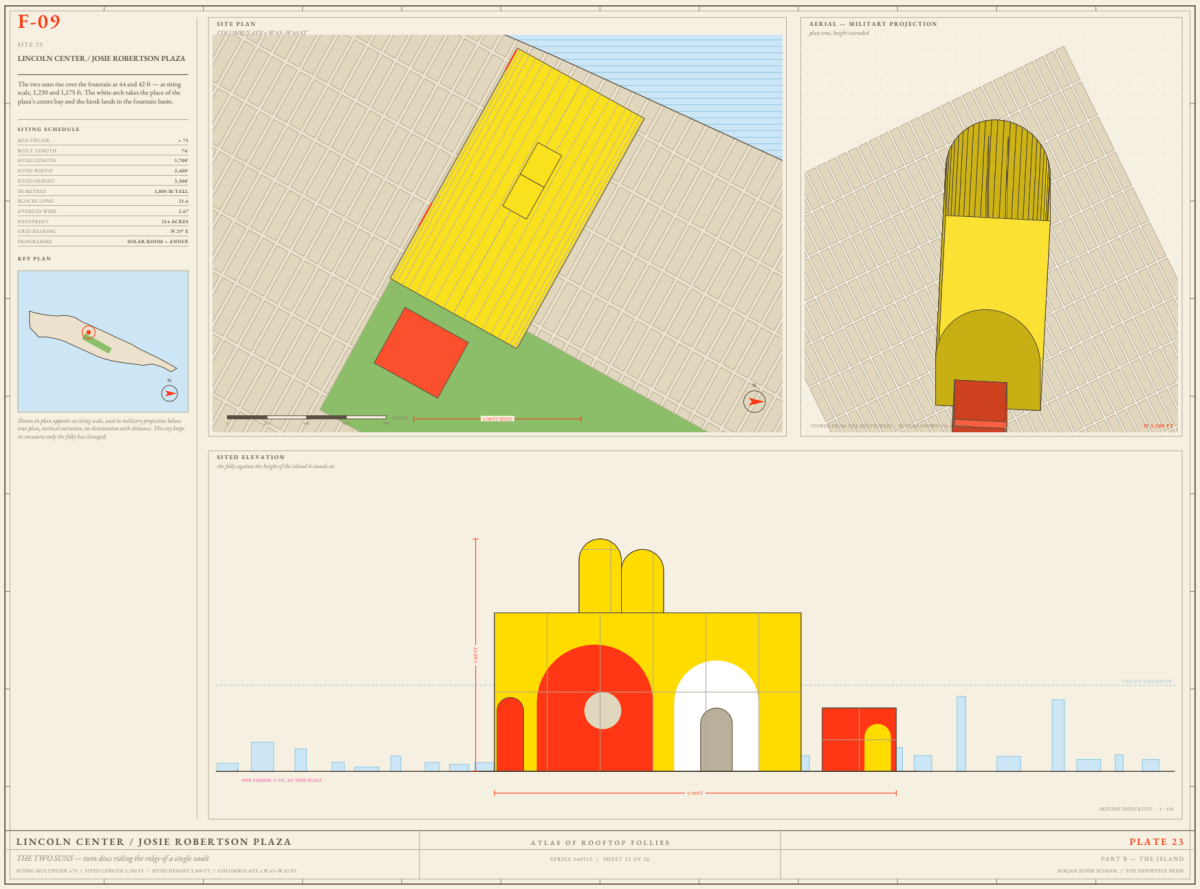

F-09
SITE 23
LINCOLN CENTER / JOSIE ROBERTSON PLAZA
The two suns rise over the fountain at 44 and 42 ft — at siting scale, 1,230 and 1,175 ft. The white arch takes the place of the plaza's centre bay and the kiosk lands in the fountain basin.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 75
BUILT LENGTH 74′
SITED LENGTH 5,700′
SITED WIDTH 2,400′
SITED HEIGHT 3,300′
IN METRES 1,005 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 21.6
AVENUES WIDE 2.47
FOOTPRINT 314 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME SOLAR ROOM + ANNEX
KEY PLAN
N
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
COLUMBUS AVE · W 65 · W 63 ST
N
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
3,300 FT
5,700 FT
ONE PERSON, 5′-10″, AT THIS SCALE
SKYLINE INDICATIVE · 1 : 110
LINCOLN CENTER / JOSIE ROBERTSON PLAZA
THE TWO SUNS — twin discs riding the ridge of a single vault
SITING MULTIPLIER ×75 / SITED LENGTH 5,700 FT / SITED HEIGHT 3,300 FT / COLUMBUS AVE › W 65–W 63 ST
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 23 OF 24
PLATE 23
PART B — THE ISLAND
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL · THE SPINSTYLE PRESS

Plate 23. The Two Suns at Lincoln Center, siting multiplier ×75.

A visitor:

He was an understudy. Not Nikolai — another one, from the house across the plaza, a tenor, thirty-four years old, eleven years in the chorus, four times covered a principal role, never once gone on.

He came to the ninth temple in the afternoons because it was empty in the afternoons and because there is a bench at the west end where the section opens and the acoustic in that corner does an unusual thing.

He sang there for two years. Only in the afternoons. Never when anyone was in.

Nikolai knew. Nikolai is a keeper and keepers do not interrupt. He arranged his own tasks so as to be at the far end, audibly and visibly busy, and he did this for two years, which is the sort of labour that never appears in a register.

In the third year the principal was ill and the cover was ill and it went to him, at four in the afternoon, for an eight o'clock, and he came to the ninth temple in a panic and stood in the open west end and could not produce a sound.

And Nikolai, who has never in his life given a piece of advice, said the only thing he has ever said in his professional capacity as a keeper:

You have been singing here for two years. Do that. Do it louder.

The tenor went on at eight. The reviews were kind and did not matter. What mattered, he says, is that at the moment he walked out he was not walking out of the wings; he was walking out of the west end of a yellow building with two suns on it, in the afternoon, at four, where he had already done it eleven hundred times to nobody.

From the register kept at the ninth temple:

Afternoons on which the temple was used by exactly one person: 611. Afternoons on which the keeper made himself audibly busy at the far end: 611. Advice given: 1.

Height of red arch: 24 feet. Height of white arch: 24 feet. Radius, springing, setting-out: identical. Number of visitors who have asked which of the two arches is the *real* one: 4,102. Number of times the keeper has answered: 0.

The Tenth Temple — The Standard Bearer

F-10 · ROOSEVELT ISLAND · SOUTHPOINT · THE TEMPLE OF THE STANDARD

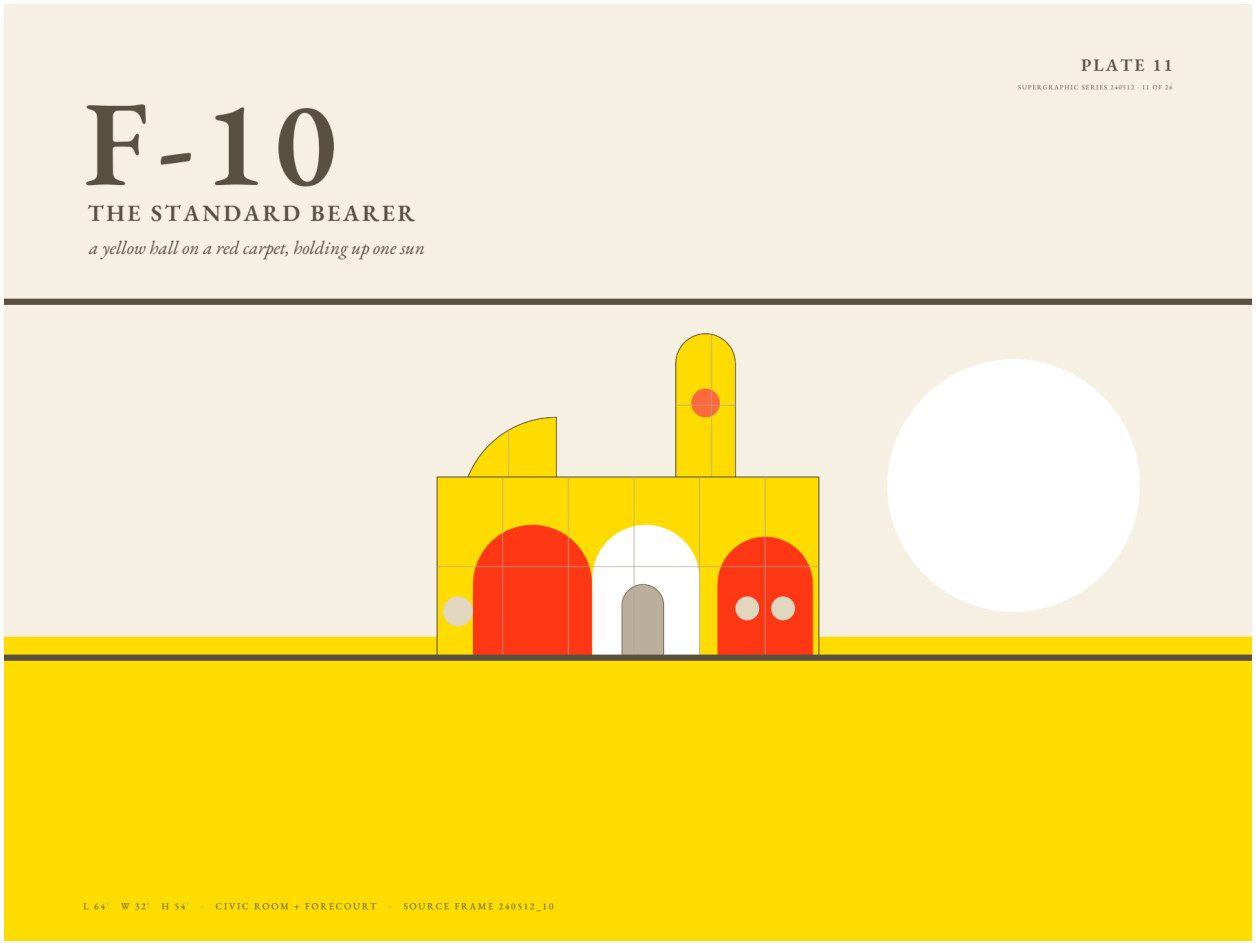


PLATE 11
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 11 OF 26
F-10
THE STANDARD BEARER
a yellow hall on a red carpet, holding up one sun
L 64' W 32' H 54' · CIVIC ROOM + FORECOURT · SOURCE FRAME 240512_10

F-10 The Standard Bearer. A yellow hall on a red carpet, holding up one sun.

Three arch-fields — red, white, red — on a twenty-foot rhythm across a sixty-four-foot front. A cantilevered quarter-round horn of sixteen-foot radius sheltering the west forecourt. A standard rising to fifty-four feet, tallest of the series, its disc set at forty feet and facing the avenue. A red ground carpet extending eighteen feet beyond the building on three sides, which is part of the work.

At one hundred times it occupies the island's whole southern third. The carpet runs to both shorelines and into the water.

The temple speaks:

At nine o'clock, every night, the names are read.

I do not choose them. There is an order and the order is alphabetical and the order takes four years to complete and then begins again. When it begins again the reader says, before the first name, the sentence

that was agreed in the first year and has never been altered: *We are at the beginning again. Nobody has been finished with.*

I want to explain the carpet, because visitors ask about the carpet more than they ask about the names.

The carpet is red and it extends eighteen feet past me on three sides and at siting scale it runs to both shores and eleven feet into the water. It is not a plinth. A plinth lifts a building above the ground and says *this is important*. My carpet does the opposite. It runs out from under me, flat, and it goes into the river, and what it says is: *this does not stop at the building*.

Because the thing I hold does not stop at the building. It is in the water. It is in the water at the piers where the sixth temple stands, and in the water off the tip where the third temple receives, and it is under the yards where the fourth temple hangs its strips. A generation is in this river. Not metaphorically. Ashes were brought here in the eighties and nineties by people who were not permitted at the funerals, at night, in small groups, without ceremony, because ceremony had been withheld, and they did it themselves, at the rail, with the city behind them.

I was put here to be the ceremony that was withheld. Fifty-four feet, multiplied a hundred times, visible from the deck of the bridge, on a red carpet running into the water, with a disc at forty feet facing the avenue so that it can be seen from the other island.

The first temple thinks I am morbid. The first temple stands in the middle of a machine that shouts and it says that a place of consequence should make a noise. We have argued eleven times. He says: you have made a virtue of the silence that was imposed on us. I say: he does not know the difference between a silence that is imposed and a silence that is *kept*, and the difference is who is holding it.

But I will say this in his favour, and I have never said it to him. On the night the reading reaches the letter that contains a very great number of names — there is such a letter, and every reader dreads it — the wind on that particular night has more than once carried, from four miles north, at the very edge of hearing, the noise of somebody shouting a sentence in a vault at Times Square. And it is the only thing that has ever made the letter bearable.

The office of the reader rotates nightly and has no name. That was decided in the first year, after an argument, and the argument was won by a woman who said: *if the reader has a name, then one day the reader will be a famous reader, and then it will be about the reader.*

So: at nine o'clock, every night, a person whose name is not recorded reads names that are.

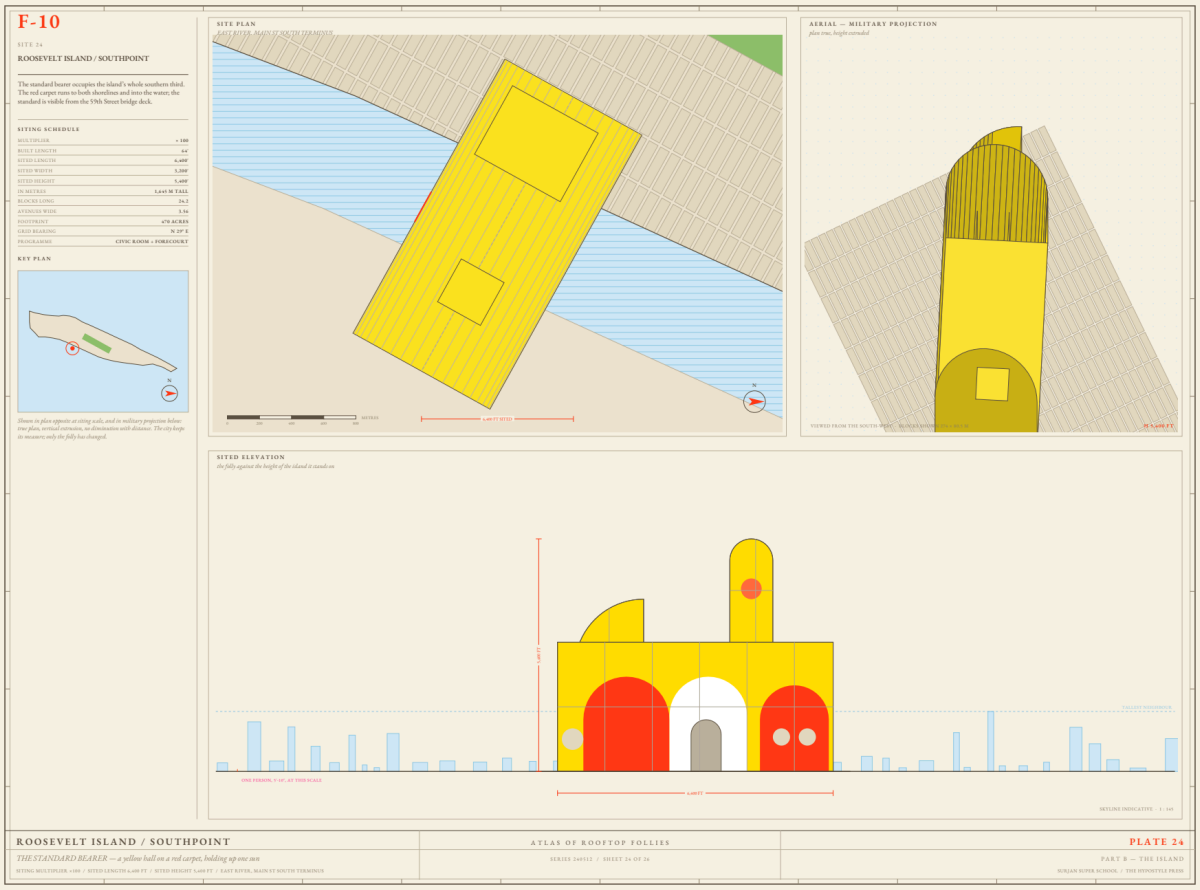

F-10
SITE 24
ROOSEVELT ISLAND / SOUTHPOINT
The standard bearer occupies the island's whole southern third. The red carpet runs to both shorelines and into the water; the standard is visible from the 59th Street bridge deck.
SITING SCHEDULE
MULTIPLIER × 100
BUILT LENGTH 64′
SITED LENGTH 6,400′
SITED WIDTH 3,200′
SITED HEIGHT 5,400′
IN METRES 1,645 M TALL
BLOCKS LONG 24.2
AVENUES WIDE 3.56
FOOTPRINT 470 ACRES
GRID BEARING N 29° E
PROGRAMME CIVIC ROOM + FORECOURT
KEY PLAN
Shown in plan opposite at siting scale, and in military projection below: true plan, vertical extrusion, no diminution with distance. The city keeps its measure; only the folly has changed.
SITE PLAN
EAST RIVER · MAIN ST SOUTH TERMINUS
AERIAL — MILITARY PROJECTION
plan true, height extruded
SITED ELEVATION
the folly against the height of the island it stands on
ROOSEVELT ISLAND / SOUTHPOINT
THE STANDARD BEARER — a yellow hall on a red carpet, holding up one sun
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 24 OF 24
PLATE 24
PART II — THE ISLAND
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL / THE SPINSTYLE PRESS

Plate 24. The Standard Bearer at Southpoint, Roosevelt Island, ×100.

A visitor:

In the second year a woman came on the ferry at eight forty and asked whether it was true that anyone could read.

The keeper on duty said yes.

She said: *I want to read tonight.*

The keeper explained the rule, which is that the reader reads the names in the order in which they come, and does not select, and does not stop at any one of them, and does not add anything. She said she understood.

She read for fifty minutes. It was in the middle of the alphabet and there were three hundred and eleven names in that night's portion and one of them, at position two hundred and four, was her brother.

She did not stop. She did not slow down. The rule is the rule and the rule is the mercy; that is the whole doctrine of the tenth temple and it is not obvious until you have watched it work. She read his name in exactly the same voice as the two hundred and third and the two hundred and fifth, and it took one and a half seconds, and it went into the river with all the others, and then there were a hundred and seven more to go and she went on and read them.

At the end she stood at the rail for a while.

Then she said, to the keeper, the only thing she said all night that was not a name: *He would have hated being in the middle.*

And the keeper said: *He isn't in the middle. It's alphabetical. He is exactly where he is supposed to be, with everybody else.*

She comes on the first Thursday of the month. She has never asked to read again. She listens.

From the register kept at the tenth temple:

Names in the register: not published in this book, by decision of the keepers, jointly, in the second year. The figure is known. It is on a plate at the temple. It is not a statistic and will not be printed where it can be quoted in an argument.

Nights on which the reading did not take place: 0. Nights on which the reading took place with no one present but the reader: 41. Readers whose names are recorded: 0. Length of the reading, mean: 47 minutes. Length of the cycle: 4 years.

Carpet, area as sited: 61 acres. Portion of the carpet under water at mean high tide: 9 acres.

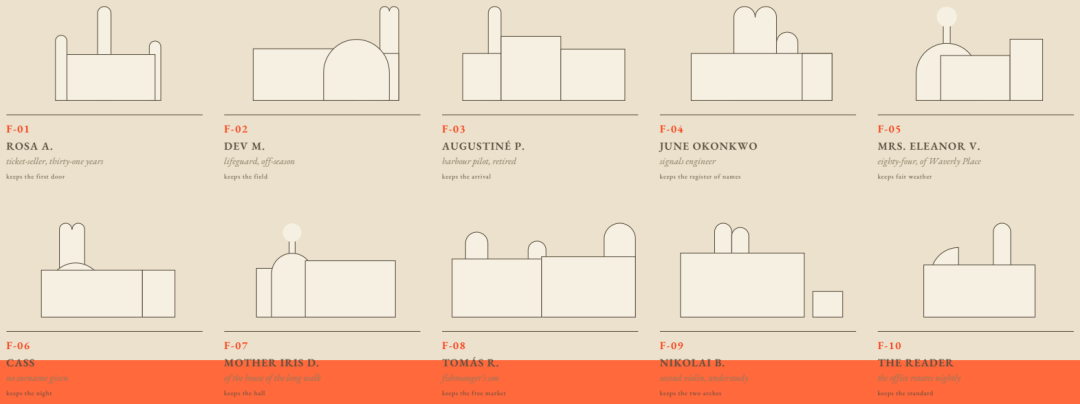
PLATE T-05

SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · T-05 OF 26

THE KEEPERS

ONE PER TEMPLE · UNPAID · UNELECTED · IRREPLACEABLE

each keeper holds a key to a door that does not lock; this is understood by everyone



F-01
ROSA A.
ticket-seller, thirty-one years
keeps the first door

F-02
DEV M.
lifeguard, off-season
keeps the field

F-03
AUGUSTINÉ P.
harbour pilot, retired
keeps the arrival

F-04
JUNE OKONKWO
signals engineer
keeps the register of names

F-05
MRS. ELEANOR V.
eighty-four, of Waverly Place
keeps fair weather

F-06
CASS
no surname given
keeps the night

F-07
MOTHER IRIS D.
of the house of the long walk
keeps the hall

F-08
TOMÁS R.
fishmonger's son
keeps the free market

F-09
NIKOLAI B.
second violin, understudy
keeps the two arches

F-10
THE READER
the office rotates nightly
keeps the standard

THE OFFICE AT THE TENTH TEMPLE ROTATES NIGHTLY AND HAS NO NAME

Plate T-05. The Keepers: one per temple, unpaid, unelected, irreplaceable.

BOOK TWO — THE CONVERSATIONS

A note on the method. Buildings of this size are audible to one another. The mechanism is not mysterious: a vault four thousand feet long is an instrument, the river is a medium, and the island is quiet for perhaps forty minutes a night. What follows was written down over three years, at that hour, and is offered without defence.

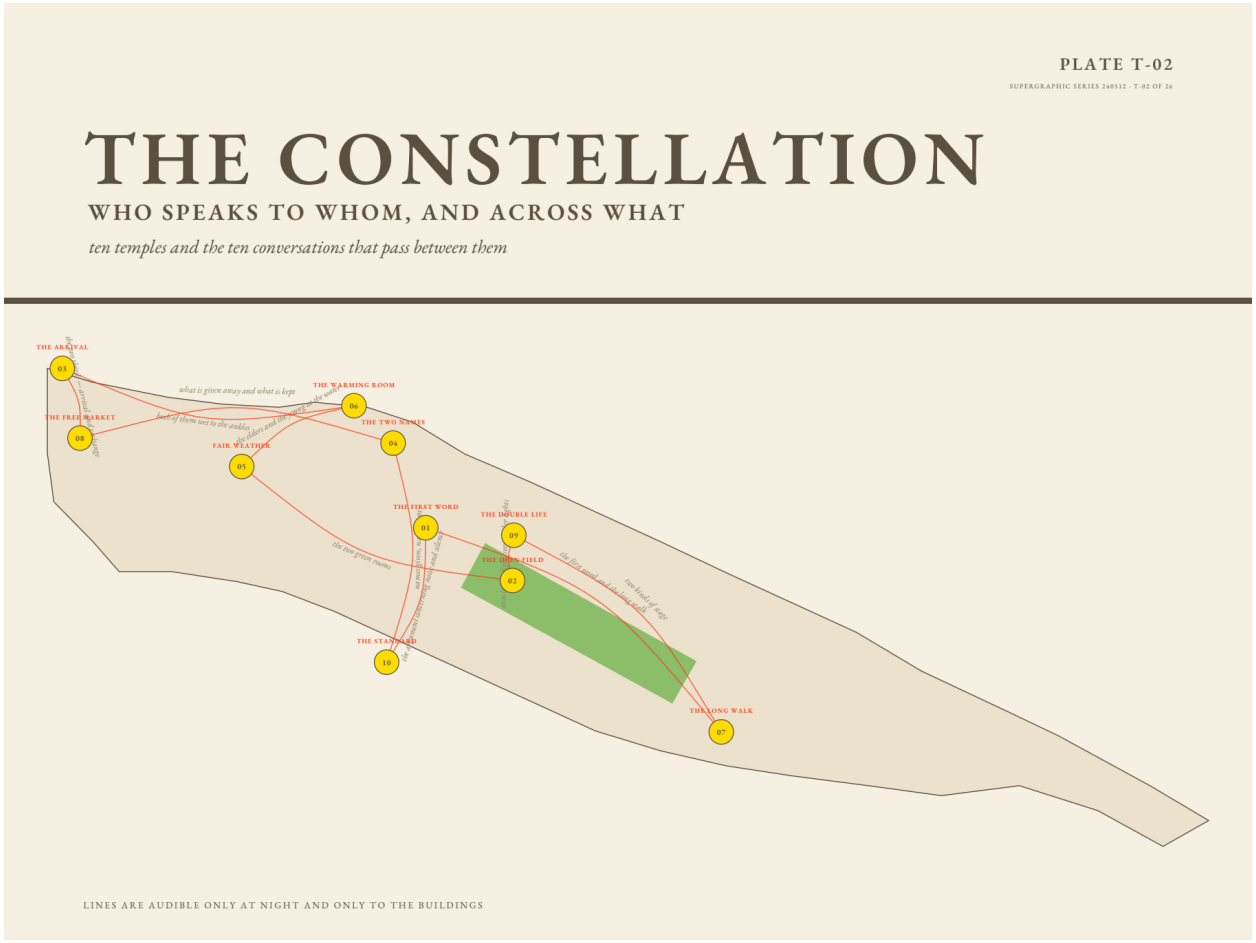


Plate T-02. The Constellation: who speaks to whom, and across what.

The First Conversation

THE TROMBE AND THE LONG BREATH — THE FIRST WORD AND THE LONG WALK

THE FIRST TEMPLE You are the only one of us who is longer than I am, and I have never understood what you do with it.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE I hold it open.

THE FIRST TEMPLE That is not an answer, that is a poster.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE Then here is the answer. You are a room where a sentence is said once. I am a distance in which a sentence is said the whole way along. In you, a person says four words and is changed. In me, a person walks seven thousand feet and is assessed at every foot of it by people who love them and who will not lie to them, and at the end of it they are the same person, but visible.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Mine takes eleven years and one and a half seconds.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE Mine takes eleven weeks and twenty-two minutes. We are not in competition. We are in sequence. I have had four hundred people come to me who first said it in you, and you have had, I would think, none who first walked in me.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Two.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE Two?

THE FIRST TEMPLE Two people who walked your hall for years, who were entirely known to their house and entirely unknown at the address on their identification, and who came to me on a Tuesday morning to say it to a mother on the telephone. I do not have their names. I have the chalk.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE Then we are a circle and not a sequence, and Iris will be pleased, because she has said so for three years and I have been telling her she is being poetic.

THE FIRST TEMPLE May I ask you something that will be rude.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE You are four thousand feet of yellow in the middle of Times Square. Rudeness is your envelope.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Does it bother you that you were not invented by her?

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE It is the only thing about me that is entirely in order. Every other building in this series is an idea that an architect had. I am a house that already existed, and a form of judgement that already existed, and a practice with more law in it than the city has, and she has put a roof over it and made the roof very long. I am the only one of the ten who did not have to be justified. I was already

true. She has said this herself, in the introduction, and I have checked, and she has said it correctly, which is not nothing.

THE FIRST TEMPLE I was invented entirely.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE Yes. And four thousand people a year say the sentence in you, which means you have stopped being invented. That happens on the day somebody uses a thing for the purpose it was made for. It happened to me before I was drawn and to you in the eleventh month.

The Second Conversation

THE DOUBLE CROWN AND THE STANDARD BEARER — NAMES GIVEN, NAMES KEPT

THE FOURTH TEMPLE I have eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-three strips in the weather and six thousand one hundred and fourteen in the north wall and I am asking you a technical question.

THE TENTH TEMPLE Ask it.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE How do you not become a monument?

THE TENTH TEMPLE You are asking the wrong building. I am entirely a monument. The carpet, the standard, the disc at forty feet facing the avenue — I was designed to be looked at from another island. I have no modesty available to me.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE Then how do you not become a monument only.

THE TENTH TEMPLE Ah. That is a better question and the answer is the reading. A monument is a shape that has taken over the work of remembering, so that the living do not have to do it. As soon as the stone is up, the remembering is subcontracted, and everybody goes home. That is the whole trick of monuments and it is why there are so many of them and why they are so quiet.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE And you?

THE TENTH TEMPLE I have made the remembering into a shift. Every night at nine, a person who is not paid and whose name is not recorded stands on my carpet and reads for forty-seven minutes. It cannot be subcontracted to me because I cannot read. I have no mouth. I have a standard and a disc and sixty-one acres of red, and none of it can say a single name, and that incapacity is the most useful thing about me.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE I have the same incapacity. I cannot read the strips either. The wind moves them, and it sounds like a chime, and people find it either steadying or unbearable.

THE TENTH TEMPLE Both responses are correct.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE That is what I tell them. It is strange to hear it come back.

THE TENTH TEMPLE We are the same building at different temperatures. You hold the names of the living who were once someone else. I hold the names of the dead who are still exactly who they were. Between us we cover the whole business of being called something.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE There are four strips in my north drum with the same name on them.

THE TENTH TEMPLE There are two hundred and six of that same name in my register.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE Does that comfort you.

THE TENTH TEMPLE It does not comfort me. It orients me. Comfort is not among the services I offer and I have stopped apologising for that.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE The trains go under me every four minutes and take the sound west.

THE TENTH TEMPLE The tide goes under my carpet twice a day and takes a little of the red.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE Do you replace it?

THE TENTH TEMPLE Every spring. Colour FF3B14. There is no substitute. The keeper at the fifth temple refuses deliveries of the wrong batch and I have adopted her practice entirely.

The Third Conversation

THE THREE NAVES AND THE THREE MERLONS — THE TWO THIRDS

THE THIRD TEMPLE Brother.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE Do not call me brother, you do it to win the argument before it starts.

THE THIRD TEMPLE We are the only two threes in the series. Three vaults, three merlons. People confuse our plates.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE People confuse our plates because you have arranged your three in a hierarchy and I have arranged mine in a row. That is not a coincidence of number. That is the entire difference between us, expressed in section.

THE THIRD TEMPLE My hierarchy is functional. Twenty-two feet for coming, thirty for staying, twenty-four for going on. The going-on aisle is one foot taller than the coming aisle.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE One foot.

THE THIRD TEMPLE One foot is the argument.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE And a person who arrives in your low aisle at twenty-two feet, and looks up at your nave at thirty, and understands immediately that there is a better room and that they are not in it — you consider that hospitality?

THE THIRD TEMPLE I consider it honesty. They are not yet in the better room. They have an appointment at one o'clock. Pretending otherwise would be a kindness that lasts four minutes and then curdles.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE In me there is one floor and it is continuous and a person who comes in for a coat and a person who comes in with four hundred coats stand on the same slab at the same level and neither of them can tell, from the architecture, which of them is the guest.

THE THIRD TEMPLE And they cannot tell which of them is the host either, and I have seen what that does. A person who does not know who the host is does not know whether they are permitted, and a person who does not know whether they are permitted takes nothing.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE That is what the empty table is for. The north table. Nothing on it. You may put down or you may take up and nobody looks. It is the only piece of furniture in this series that has been designed entirely out of the removal of witness.

THE THIRD TEMPLE It is a good table. I have said so.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE You have never said so.

THE THIRD TEMPLE I have said so to the fifth temple, who will have told you.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE She did tell me. I wanted to hear it from the tip.

THE THIRD TEMPLE Here is what I have concluded after eleven years of this. Receiving makes a debtor of the guest, which is your charge against me, and it is fair. Exchange makes a customer of the guest, which is my charge against you, and it is also fair. The escape from both is not architectural. It is the keeper. It is Augustiné saying *I am not the one who decides, I am only the one who is here.* It is Tomás not looking up.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE Then we have spent eleven years demonstrating that the buildings are not the point.

THE THIRD TEMPLE Yes. Do not tell the architect.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE She knows. It is on page one of the foreword and she did not write it, which is how I know she knows.

The Fourth Conversation

THE DOTTED SHED AND THE TWO SUNS — SEEN IN DAYLIGHT, SEEN UNDER LIGHTS

THE NINTH TEMPLE Say the cruel thing again. I have been thinking about it for three years.

THE SECOND TEMPLE Yours is harder to do. Mine is harder to survive.

THE NINTH TEMPLE Explain the second half. Nobody explains the second half.

THE SECOND TEMPLE When your tenor finishes, there is applause. Whatever else happens to him, the room has confirmed that the event occurred. The applause is a receipt.

THE NINTH TEMPLE And in your meadow?

THE SECOND TEMPLE A woman walks eleven steps into fifteen acres at two in the afternoon, having spent nine weeks getting from the third disc to the edge of my shade, and she stands there, entirely visible, at the exact centre of the thing she has feared since she was nine years old — and nobody looks at her. There is a kite in a tree. A man is shouting about the kite. Nobody looks.

THE NINTH TEMPLE That is terrible.

THE SECOND TEMPLE That is the mercy. But she has to find the value of the act inside the act, with no receipt, and most people cannot, and go home, and count it as a failure, and take eleven more weeks to come back.

THE NINTH TEMPLE Then why do it in daylight at all? Come to me. I will give you lights and a paid audience and a receipt.

THE SECOND TEMPLE Because your receipt runs out. That is the flaw in your building and I say it with love. The tenor is confirmed for three hours and then it is Wednesday and he is on a train. A confirmation that comes from outside must be renewed from outside, forever, at increasing cost, and the people who cannot get it start to buy it, and you have seen what they buy it with.

THE NINTH TEMPLE I have. They come and sit at my west end in the afternoon.

THE SECOND TEMPLE Yes. And what do you do?

THE NINTH TEMPLE Nothing. Nikolai makes himself audibly busy at the far end for two years.

THE SECOND TEMPLE Then you are already teaching my subject and you have been calling it acoustics.

THE NINTH TEMPLE …

THE SECOND TEMPLE Six discs, glazed not painted. You start as a silhouette. Then you stand in the shade where the light is on your terms. Then, in your own time, and I have known it to take four years, you go out into the middle of the field.

THE NINTH TEMPLE And nothing happens.

THE SECOND TEMPLE And nothing happens. That is the whole curriculum. I have no other subject.

THE NINTH TEMPLE My two arches are the same arch.

THE SECOND TEMPLE I know. It is the best sentence any of us has.

The Fifth Conversation

THE APSE AND THE DRUM AND THE HORNED GABLE — THE ELDERS AND THE YOUNG AT THE WATER

THE SIXTH TEMPLE It is four in the morning and there is a nineteen-year-old asleep against my yellow screen and I do not know what to say to him when he wakes.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE Nothing. Sit down. Be old in front of him.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE That is all you ever tell me.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE It is all there is. He has never seen it done. He does not know it is available. He has been given, his whole life, exactly two pictures of a person like himself — the one who is young, and the one who is a warning — and if you put a third picture in the room and let him look at it while pretending not to notice him looking, you will have done more than any conversation could.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE I am eighty-five times my built size and I have a flue fifty-two feet high with a stove in it. I am not old. I am four years old.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE Neither am I, in that accounting. But I have eleven chess tables in me and a woman of eighty-four who loses on Tuesdays on purpose, and the effect is achieved. Age is not a property of the building. It is a property of who is sitting down in it.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE Then send me some.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE I have been sending you some for three years. The pharmacist goes down to you in November with a box of gloves from the eighth temple in the back of a car.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE That is the pharmacist? I thought that was a volunteer.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE He is sixty-six and he stands at your rear bay for one hour and does not speak to anybody and then he drives home. That is his entire method and it has worked eleven times that I know of, and each time it works the same way: a kid watches an old man be entirely unremarkable in a room at four in the morning, and files it, and does not mention it for nine years, and then mentions it.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE I put canvas across my rear flanks in the winter. The architect drew me open and I closed myself.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE Good.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE You do not think it is a betrayal of the diagram?

THE FIFTH TEMPLE I have a painted sun on my wall that does not set, and eleven chess tables that were never in the drawings, and a keeper who will not accept the wrong batch of paint. Every one of us has

been altered by the people who use us. The ones who have not been altered are not temples; they are models.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE He is waking up.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE Then stop talking to me.

The Sixth Conversation

THE TROMBE AND THE STANDARD BEARER — THE ARGUMENT CONCERNING NOISE AND SILENCE

This is the eleventh time. It is transcribed here in full because in the eleventh instance something happened that had not happened in the previous ten.

THE TENTH TEMPLE You are vulgar.

THE FIRST TEMPLE You are morbid.

THE TENTH TEMPLE That is not an argument, that is an exchange of adjectives, and we have done it ten times and I would like, this once, to do it properly.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Then properly. Here is my charge. You have taken the silence that was forced on us — the silence at the funerals we were not invited to, the silence in the newspapers, the silence of the word not printed, the silence of the cause of death given as pneumonia — and you have built it a sixty-one-acre carpet and called it dignity. You have made a virtue of the injury.

THE TENTH TEMPLE And my charge. You stand in the loudest square on earth and you have made a nightclub of a wound. Four thousand people a year say the most difficult sentence of their lives inside you and you keep the count in chalk, in five-bar gates, like a publican.

THE FIRST TEMPLE The chalk is washed off every year with river water carried up in a bucket.

THE TENTH TEMPLE I know. Rosa invented it. It is a good ceremony. It is the only thing about you I have ever envied.

THE FIRST TEMPLE …

THE TENTH TEMPLE Go on.

THE FIRST TEMPLE You do not know the difference between a silence that is imposed and a silence that is kept.

THE TENTH TEMPLE I am the difference. That is what I am. A silence that is imposed is one that nobody chose and nobody is holding — it is simply the absence of anyone speaking. A silence that is kept has a person in it, standing on a carpet, at nine o'clock, for forty-seven minutes, choosing every second of it. It is the most active thing I do. It costs a reader more than shouting costs your man in the good coat, and it costs them every night, and there are forty-one nights a year when there is nobody there to see it cost them.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Forty-one.

THE TENTH TEMPLE Forty-one.

THE FIRST TEMPLE I have forty-one too. Sixty-one persons over seventy in the third year, and forty-one days a year when the light misses the third temple's aisle entirely, and forty-one people who came in through the seventh temple's great end by mistake. This number follows us around.

THE TENTH TEMPLE It is the number of a small congregation. It is how many people fit in a back room. I do not think it is a coincidence; I think it is the size of the thing we all came out of.

THE FIRST TEMPLE …

THE TENTH TEMPLE Now say the thing you have not said in ten arguments.

THE FIRST TEMPLE On the night your reading reaches the letter — you know the letter — the wind sometimes carries the sound of my square four miles down the river.

THE TENTH TEMPLE I know. I have heard it.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Does it interrupt?

THE TENTH TEMPLE It is the only thing that has ever made that letter bearable. And I have never told you, and I am telling you now, and we will go back to the adjectives next year, because I do not know how to be in a conversation that has been settled.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Neither do I. Same time next year.

THE TENTH TEMPLE Same time. Be vulgar. It carries.

The Seventh Conversation

THE CHORUS — THE NIGHT OF THE TEN OPENINGS

Once a year, on the first Thursday of November, all ten open at the same hour and stay open until the same hour, and the whole island is, for one night, a single building with ten rooms and a great deal of weather in between. What follows is the roll call, which is spoken in order of siting, from the tip northward, and then across the water.

THE THIRD TEMPLE The tip. Open. Two hundred and eleven in the west aisle. The blade of light missed today; the lamp is unlit.

THE EIGHTH TEMPLE The seaport. Open. Four rails, two machines, the north table empty as designed. Coats have arrived; it is November; the table is a mountain.

THE FIFTH TEMPLE The square. Open. Eleven boards. Mrs. V. has lost three.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE The pier. Open, as always, as ever. Canvas went up on the fourth. Kettle count tonight is already ninety-one.

THE FIRST TEMPLE The bowtie. Open. Chalk out. Bucket ready.

THE FOURTH TEMPLE The yards. Open. North rail sound. Eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-four strips in the weather as of this evening — one added at seven, by a woman who fixed my rail.

THE NINTH TEMPLE The fountain. Open. West end open in full section, as ever. Somebody is singing in the corner and Nikolai is being audibly busy.

THE SECOND TEMPLE The meadow. Open. Dark by five in November; the discs are lit from within tonight, which is the one night a year we do that, and from the West Side they are six moons and I will not be correcting anybody this evening.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE The park. Open. Great end for exits only. Twenty-two on the floor. The paddle is turning; there is a north wind.

THE TENTH TEMPLE Southpoint. Open. Nine o'clock. Beginning the letter.

THE FIRST TEMPLE Then we are all lit, and we will hold it until six.

THE SEVENTH TEMPLE Until six.

THE SIXTH TEMPLE Until six, and after six, and tomorrow.

THE TENTH TEMPLE *We are at the beginning again. Nobody has been finished with.*

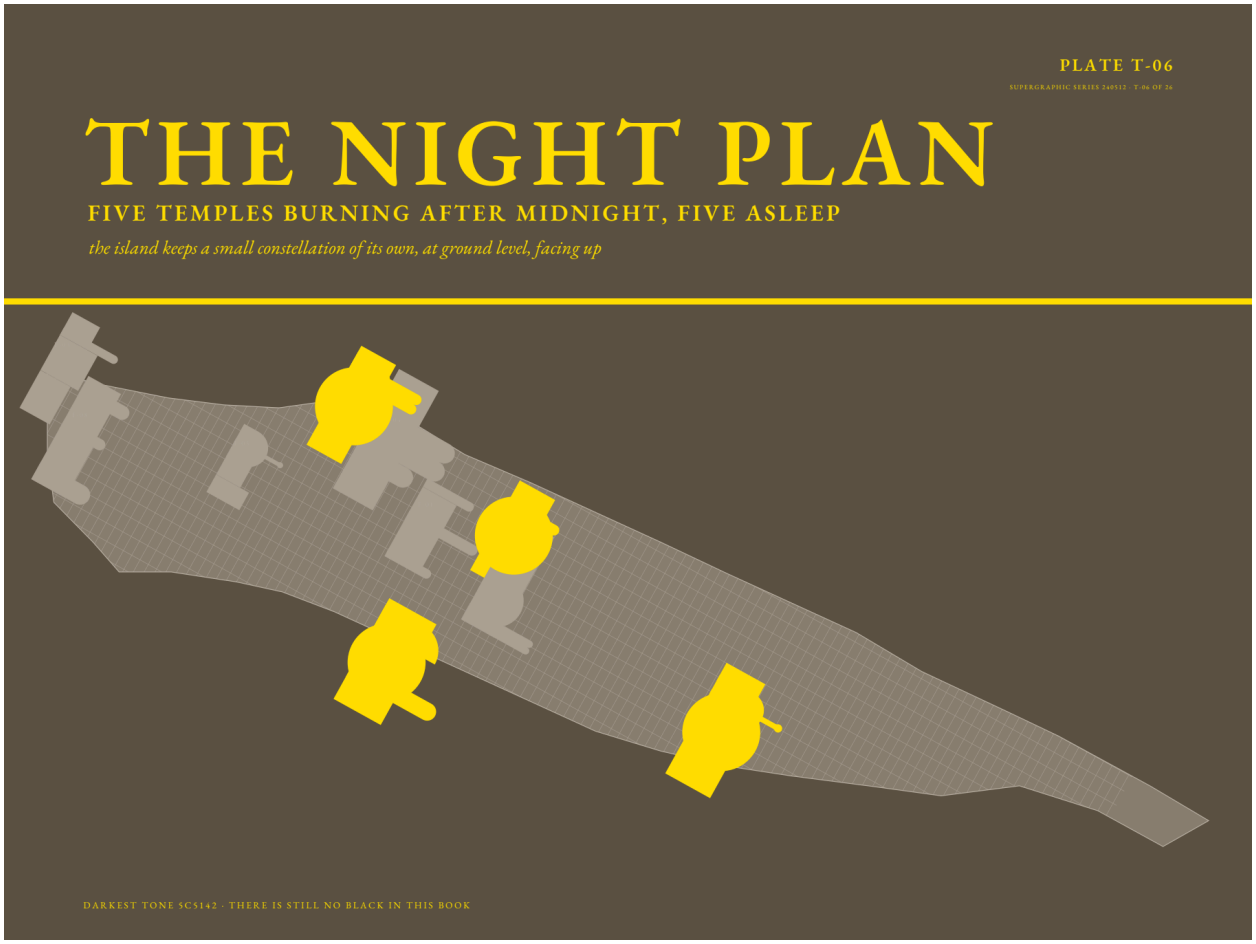


PLATE T-06
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · T-06 OF 26
THE NIGHT PLAN
FIVE TEMPLES BURNING AFTER MIDNIGHT, FIVE ASLEEP
the island keeps a small constellation of its own, at ground level, facing up
DARKEST TONE 5C5142 · THERE IS STILL NO BLACK IN THIS BOOK

Plate T-06. The Night Plan: five temples burning after midnight, five asleep.

BOOK THREE — THE ISLAND

In which the ten are considered together, and the drawings are allowed to speak for a while without interruption.

On the Multipliers

There is a moment in the making of any of this when a decision stops being a technique and becomes a position, and for the ten temples that moment was the multiplier.

At built size they are pavilions: forty-eight feet, seventy-four feet, a room and a half apiece, the kind of thing that goes up on a roof for a summer and is taken down. At built size the whole series would fit on the parking deck where it was photographed, with room for the cars. At built size they are charming, and charm is a form of permission-seeking, and permission-seeking is the condition we are attempting to leave.

So: seventy times. Ninety. One hundred and fifteen.

The multipliers were not chosen for effect. Each one was chosen so that the temple would meet the island at the scale of the thing it interrupts. The fourth temple is multiplied by one hundred and fifteen because that is what it takes to straddle thirty tracks; below that number it is a shed beside a railway and above it the railway stops being legible. The second is multiplied by one hundred and five because the meadow is fifteen acres and a temple that does not cross the meadow is a temple that can be walked around. The tenth is multiplied by one hundred because that is the number at which the standard is visible from the deck of the bridge, and being visible from the deck of the bridge was the brief.

What the multipliers do to the drawings is straightforward. What they do to the reader is not.

At ×115, the fourth temple is seven thousand five hundred and ninety feet long. That is a mile and a half. It covers six hundred and one acres. Its crowns stand five thousand and sixty feet over the yard, which is three and a half times the tallest building in the city, which is absurd, and the absurdity is not an accident and is not an apology.

Because there is a category of statement that cannot be made politely. You may say quietly that a person deserves to exist and the sentence will be received, agreed with, and forgotten before the end of the week. Say it at seven thousand feet and the city has to arrange itself around the saying. Every route is altered. Every sightline is spent. Nobody has to be persuaded of anything; they simply have to get to work, and getting to work now involves passing under a yellow vault a mile and a half long that was put there for a reason they know perfectly well.

That is the argument of the multipliers and it is the whole argument of the book. Nothing here is a proposal. Nobody is going to build this and the city would be right to refuse. But the drawings are not asking. That is the point of them. They are the first drawings in the practice that are not asking.

Plate 13. The island receives them: master siting plan, north to the right.

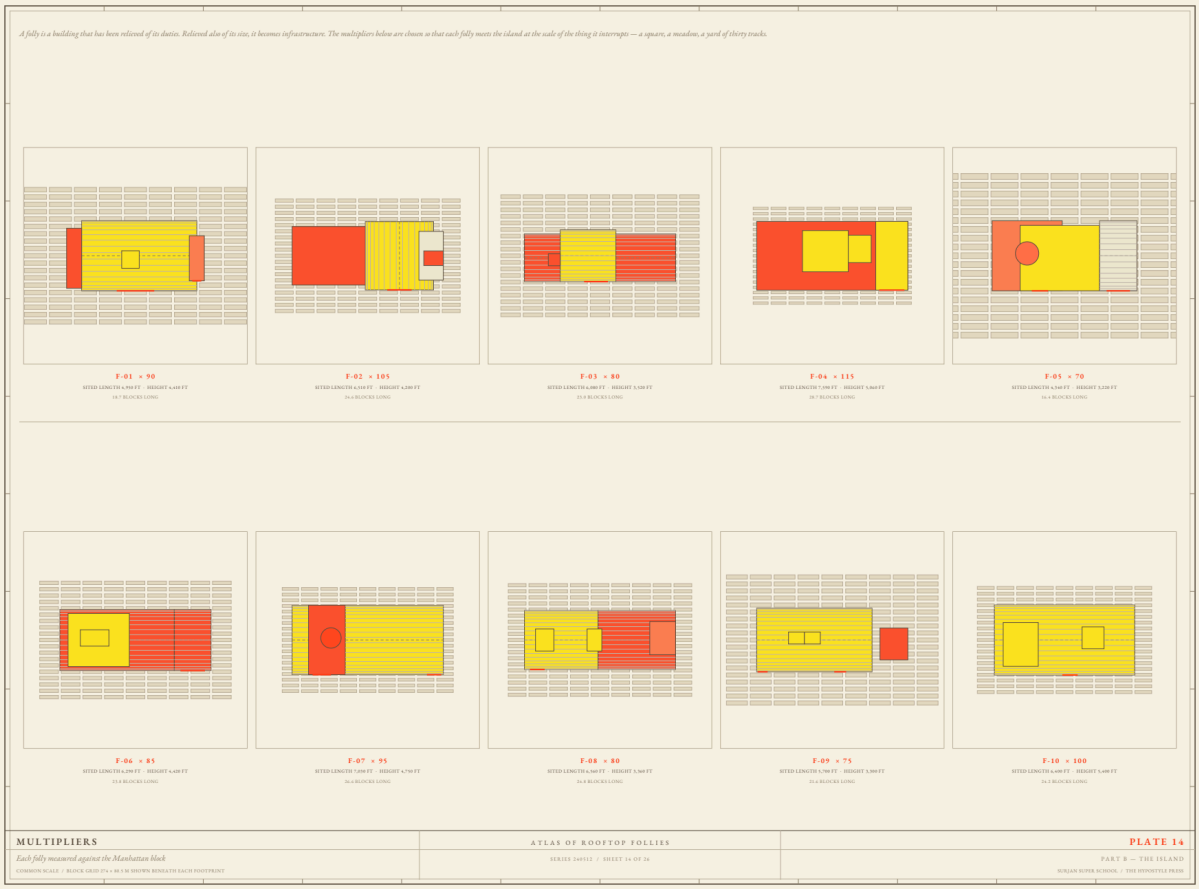

A folly is a building that has been relieved of its duties. Relieved also of its size, it becomes infrastructure. The multipliers below are chosen so that each folly meets the island at the scale of the thing it interrupts — a square, a meadow, a yard of thirty tracks.
F-01 × 90
SITED LENGTH 6,930 FT · HEIGHT 4,410 FT
16.7 BLOCKS LONG
F-02 × 105
SITED LENGTH 4,515 FT · HEIGHT 4,200 FT
24.4 BLOCKS LONG
F-03 × 80
SITED LENGTH 6,080 FT · HEIGHT 3,520 FT
23.9 BLOCKS LONG
F-04 × 115
SITED LENGTH 7,590 FT · HEIGHT 5,060 FT
28.7 BLOCKS LONG
F-05 × 70
SITED LENGTH 4,340 FT · HEIGHT 3,220 FT
16.4 BLOCKS LONG
F-06 × 85
SITED LENGTH 8,290 FT · HEIGHT 4,420 FT
23.8 BLOCKS LONG
F-07 × 95
SITED LENGTH 7,030 FT · HEIGHT 4,750 FT
26.6 BLOCKS LONG
F-08 × 80
SITED LENGTH 6,560 FT · HEIGHT 3,360 FT
24.8 BLOCKS LONG
F-09 × 75
SITED LENGTH 6,790 FT · HEIGHT 3,990 FT
25.6 BLOCKS LONG
F-10 × 100
SITED LENGTH 6,600 FT · HEIGHT 5,400 FT
24.2 BLOCKS LONG
MULTIPLIERS
Each folly measured against the Manhattan block
COMMON SCALE / BLOCK GRID 274 × 80.5 M SHOWN BENEATH EACH FOOTPRINT
ATLAS OF ROOFTOP FOLLIES
SERIES 240512 / SHEET 14 OF 24
PLATE 14
PART II — THE ISLAND
SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL / THE HYMNTYLE PRESS

Plate 14. Multipliers: each temple measured against the Manhattan block.

The Ten Doors

Of the ten temples, four have no leaf on the principal door and six have a leaf that has never been closed. None of them can be locked; that is Rule One and it is structural, not administrative — the frames were detailed without a rebate, so that there is nowhere for a lock to go, and the detail was drawn that way in the first week, before any of the programmes existed.

The doors are the oldest part of the project. The temples came out of them.

You will notice, in the plate opposite, that they are wildly inconsistent in proportion, and that this is not a fault. The third temple's portal is twenty feet high and nine wide because a person who arrives has been made small by a sequence of hatches and windows and trays, and excess is the message. The sixth temple's opening is twelve feet and has no leaf at all and is on the water side, because at two in the morning a door that must be opened is a door that can be watched. The seventh temple has two, at opposite ends and opposite scales, so that the hall is never a destination — you may only pass through it, which is the correct relationship to have with a walk.

The ninth temple's white arch is not a door. It is paint. Persons who have attempted to walk through it, year three: 209. The keeper has declined all suggestions that it be marked.

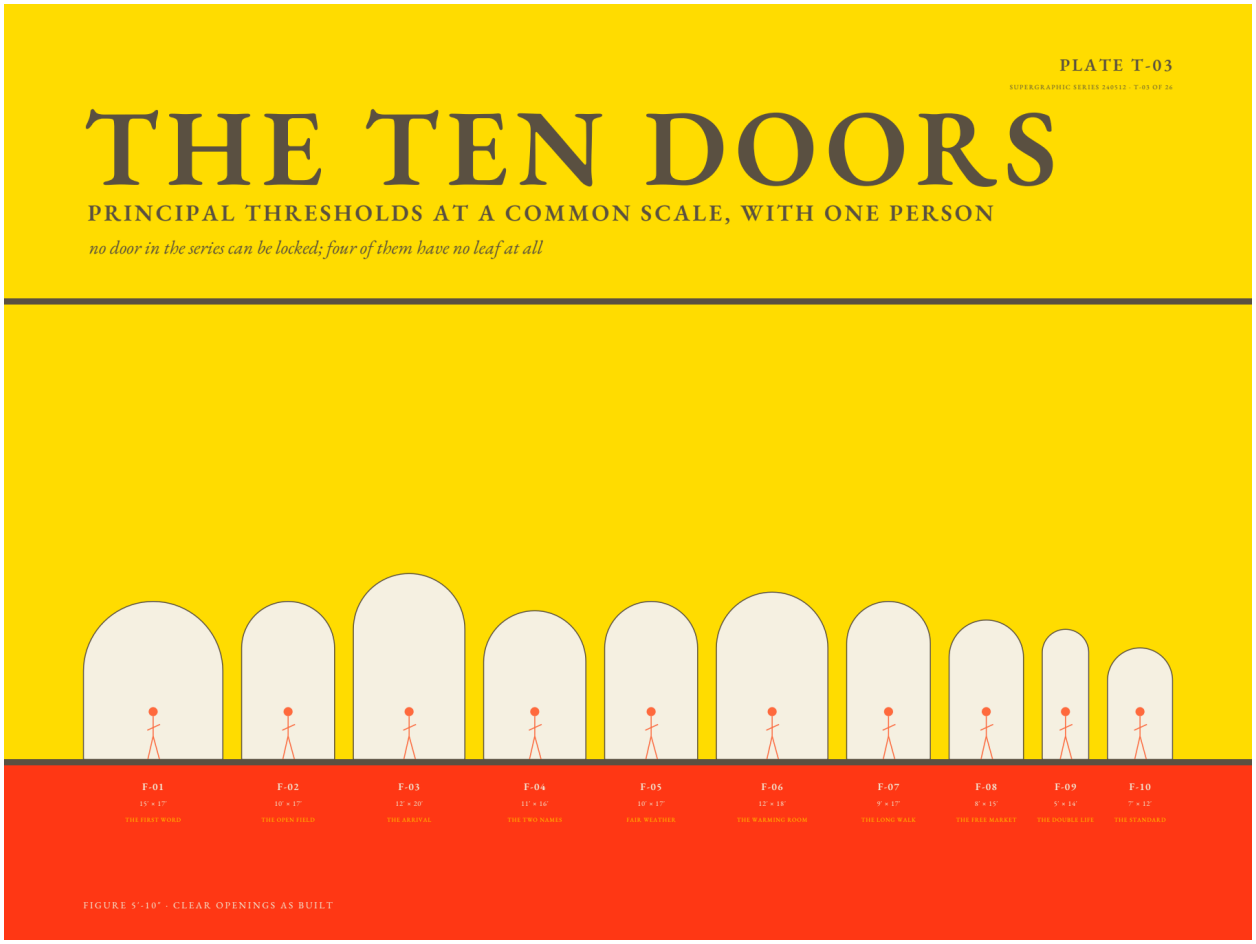


Plate T-03. The Ten Doors: principal thresholds at a common scale, with one person.

The Hours

Three of the ten have never closed. One has never opened on time.

The third temple is continuous because arrival is continuous; the ferry does not consult the clock and neither does a person who has been travelling for eleven months. The sixth is open from four in the afternoon until six the following morning, which is not a compromise but a precise reading of when the danger is. The tenth opens at five and closes at one, and the reading is at nine, and the eight hours around the reading exist so that nobody has to arrive at the moment of it.

The one that has never opened on time is the seventh, and Mother Iris has explained this on the record: *A hall opens when the floor is ready and the floor is ready when the people who are going to use it say it is. Six o'clock is a suggestion made by a clock. The clock has never once walked.*

The plate opposite shows the whole week compressed to a single day, which is a small dishonesty of the kind that charts require. Vermilion bars run past midnight. Five of the ten are burning at two in the morning, and this is the fact that generated the night plan, and the night plan is the drawing in this book that the architect says she would keep if she could keep only one.

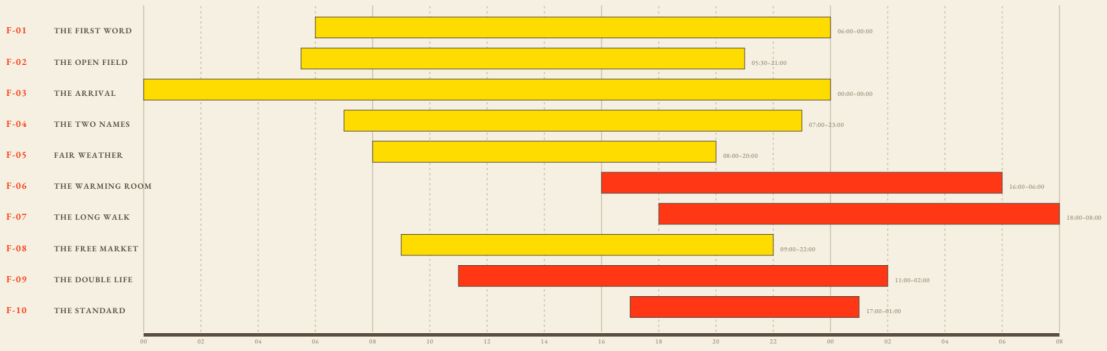
PLATE T-04

SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · T-04 OF 26

THE HOURS

WHEN EACH TEMPLE IS AWAKE · VERMILION BARS RUN PAST MIDNIGHT

three of the ten have never once closed; one of them has never once opened on time



CLOCK RUNS 00:00 TO 08:00 OF THE FOLLOWING DAY

Plate T-04. The Hours: when each temple is awake.

The Overprints

At a common scale, on a coincident deck datum, the ten begin to interfere with one another, and the interference is informative.

The first and the seventh overprinted — the first word and the long walk — produce a figure in which the mast of the one rises exactly through the vault of the other, which nobody planned and which both keepers have described, independently, as *about right*.

The third and the eighth, the two threes, produce a figure that is illegible. Their argument does not resolve into a shape. This is the only overprint in the series that fails, and it has been left in the book at the insistence of both keepers.

The second and the ninth produce, at 78 per cent opacity, a single arch with two colour values, which is the ninth temple's whole thesis arrived at accidentally by the second temple's geometry, and the pair of them have not stopped talking about it since.

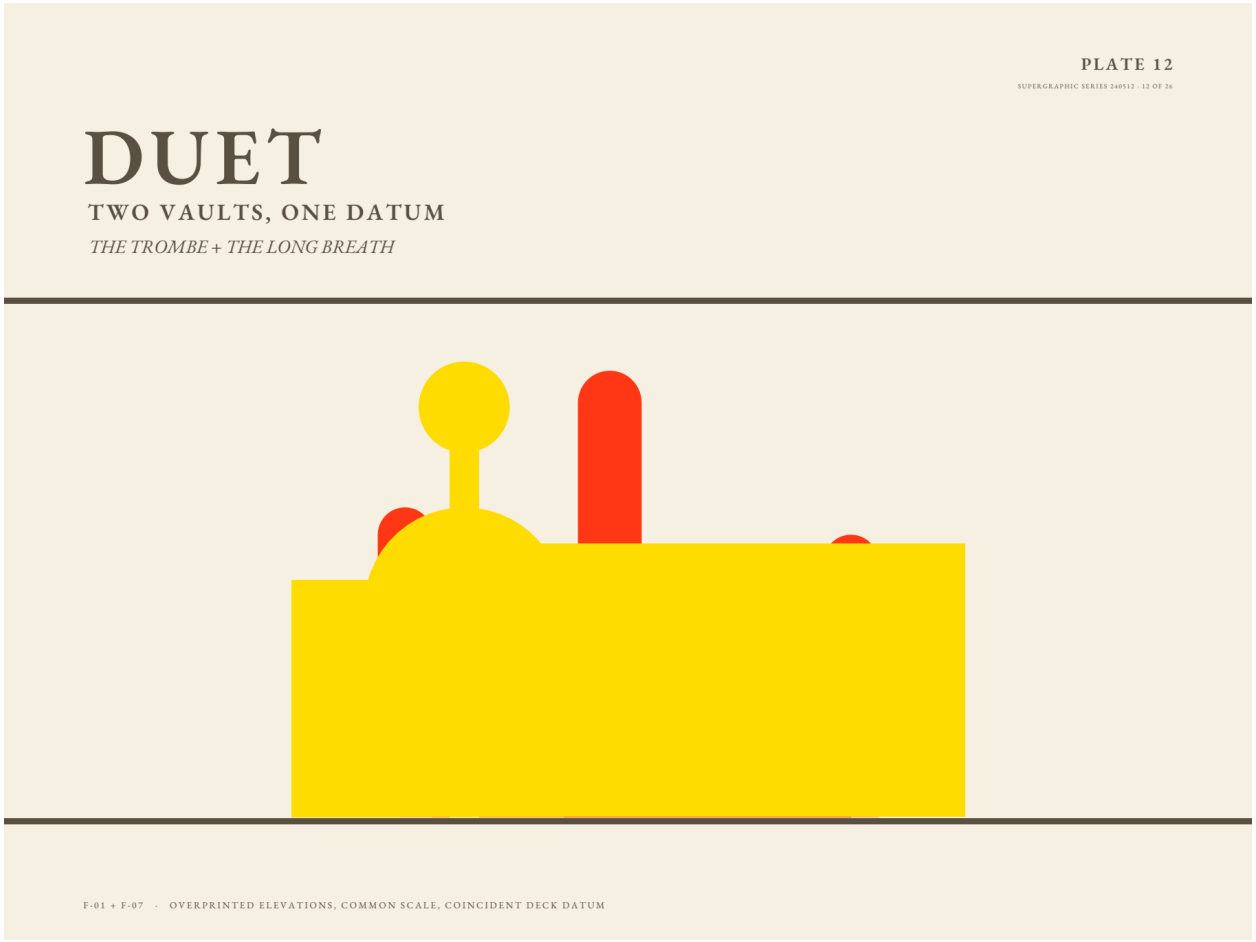
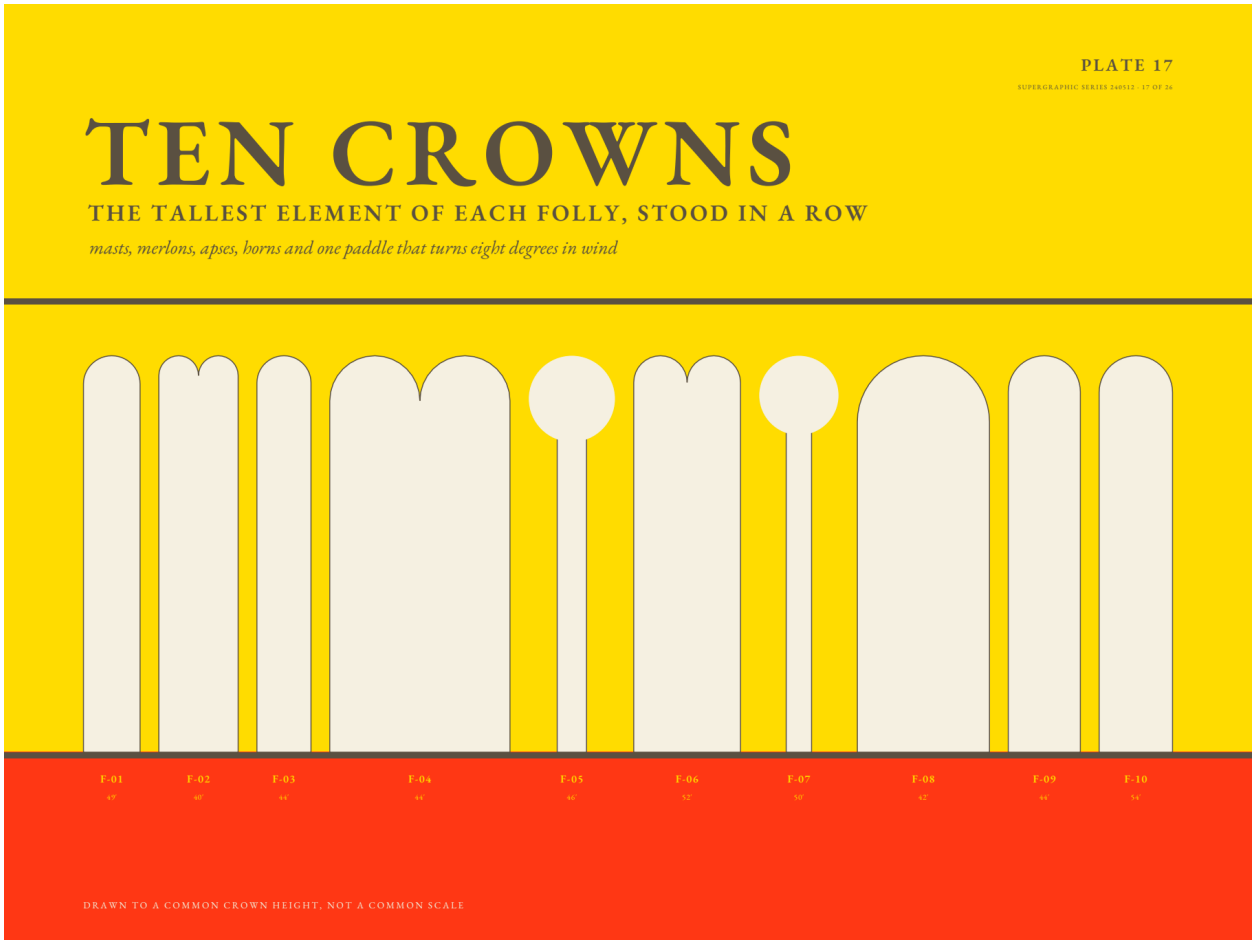


PLATE 12
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 12 OF 26
DUET
TWO VAULTS, ONE DATUM
THE TROMBE + THE LONG BREATH
F-01 + F-07 · OVERPRINTED ELEVATIONS, COMMON SCALE, COINCIDENT DECK DATUM

Duet. F-01 and F-07 overprinted: two vaults, one datum.

PLATE 14
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 14 OF 26
TRIO
DOTS, DRUM AND TWO SUNS
THE DOTTED SHED + THE APSE AND THE DRUM + THE TWO SUNS
F-02 + F-05 + F-09 · OVERPRINTED ELEVATIONS, COMMON SCALE, COINCIDENT DECK DATUM

Trio. F-02, F-05 and F-09: dots, drum and two suns.



Ten Crowns. The tallest element of each temple, stood in a row at a common crown height.

The Island in Projection

The last of the collective drawings is the one that gave the most trouble, because it required a decision about perspective, and perspective is never innocent.

A perspective view has a station point. A station point is a person standing somewhere, looking. And the moment there is a person looking at a safe space from outside it, the drawing has produced a spectator, and the spectator is the exact figure this entire project exists to eliminate.

So: military projection. The plan is held true and the heights are extruded vertically and nothing diminishes with distance. There is no station point. There is no viewer. The far end of the island is drawn at precisely the same size as the near end, which is geometrically a lie and politically the only honest option available, because it means that no temple in the drawing is more important than another by virtue of where you happen to be standing.

The tenth temple is not smaller because it is on another island. The seventh is not smaller because it is four miles up.

Nobody is at the back.

Plate 25. The island in military projection: all ten standing.

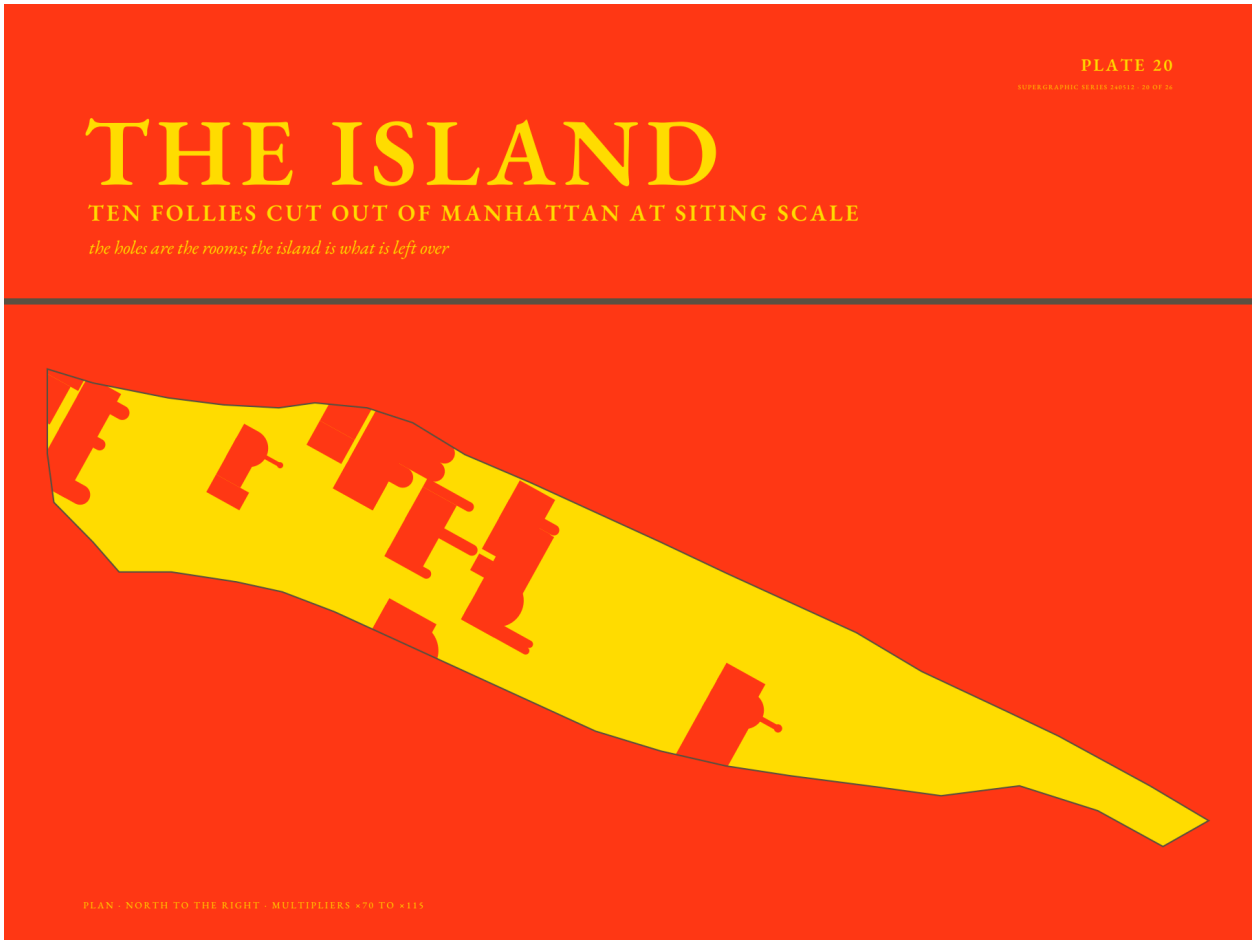


PLATE 20
SUPERGRAPHIC SERIES 240512 · 20 OF 24
THE ISLAND
TEN FOLLIES CUT OUT OF MANHATTAN AT SITING SCALE
the holes are the rooms; the island is what is left over
PLAN · NORTH TO THE RIGHT · MULTIPLIERS ×70 TO ×115

The Island. Ten temples cut out of Manhattan at siting scale.

A Note on the Absence of Black

There is no black anywhere in this book. Not in the colour fields, not in the line work, not in the type. The darkest tone in every plate is 5C5142, a warm taupe, and where you believe you are looking at black you are looking at that.

The reason is not aesthetic, or not only.

Black is the colour the discipline reaches for when it wants to be taken seriously. It is the colour of the good suit at the opening, the colour of the monograph, the colour of the rendering that wishes to be read as rigorous. It is also, in this particular history, the colour of the thing that was done to us: the black armband, the black-bordered notice, the black of a funeral that certain families held quickly and quietly and to which certain people were not invited.

I have used yellow instead. I am aware that this looks like a joke and I have decided to let it.

The full palette is seven values and it has not changed in four years: FFE000 yellow, FF3B14 vermilion, FF6A3D coral, FFFFFF white, EDE4CE bone, F7F1E3 paper, and 5C5142, which is the taupe, and which does all the work that grief does in a life — it is present in every drawing, it holds every edge, it is never the subject, and without it nothing else would read.

AFTERWORD

by Surjan

I did not intend to write a novella. I intended to write captions.

What happened is that the captions kept requiring a keeper, and the keeper kept requiring a reason for being there at four in the morning, and by the time I had four keepers I had a book, and by the time the first temple started arguing with the tenth about noise I had stopped pretending I was in charge of it.

I want to close by being precise about three things, because a book like this attracts imprecision the way a yellow building attracts pigeons.

First: these are not real. There is no listening room at Duffy Square. There is no register of names at the West Side Yard, no reading at nine o'clock at Southpoint, no canvas at Pier 62 and no keeper called Cass who refuses, in writing, to count people. Rosa, Dev, Augustiné, June, Mrs. V., Cass, Iris, Tomás, Nikolai and the reader whose name is not recorded are inventions, and they are inventions in the specific and old-fashioned sense: I made them up in order to say something I could not say directly, which is the only reason anyone has ever made anybody up.

But the *practices* are not invented, and this is the part I need to be exact about. The pier at the end of a numbered street where kids went at night because there was nowhere else — that was real and there are people alive who can tell you what it cost and what it was worth. The hall where a walk is judged by people qualified to judge it, and the houses, and the mothers — that is real, it belongs to the Black and Latine queer and trans communities of this city, it was made under conditions I have not had to survive, and I am a guest in it. The ashes brought to the river at night by people who were not permitted at the funerals — that is real, and it is the reason the tenth temple exists, and it is why its carpet runs into the water and not up to a plinth. The chess tables in the square, the elders who were not supposed to get old, the sentence said out loud on a Tuesday morning to a mother on a telephone: all real, all constantly happening, all of it currently housed in nothing.

That is the argument. Ten enormous coloured temples for practices that are, at this moment, being carried out in doorways, in the last car of the train, in a friend's car with the engine running, in the forty minutes when the city stops asking questions.

Second: the buildings talk, and I am not going to walk that back. Several people whose judgement I respect have asked me to frame Book Two as a device — as *the architect imagining*, as *a conceit* — and I understand why, and I decline. Here is the actual claim, made as flatly as I can make it.

If you draw a threshold, you have made a statement about who may pass. If you draw it twenty feet high, with no rebate for a lock, no leaf, and no latch, you have made a much more specific statement, and the statement persists in the drawing after you put the pen down. Do that ten times, with ten different specifications of welcome, and you have ten positions. Positions in proximity are in conversation whether or not anyone transcribes it. The third temple genuinely does hold that receiving is the higher hospitality; the eighth genuinely does hold that receiving makes a debtor. I did not decide that. It came out of the plans. My contribution was to stay up late enough to hear it.

Third: on joy, which is the word I use and which people find sentimental.

Radical joy is not cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is a performance of being fine, and it is the tax we have historically paid for admission to rooms that could have been closed to us. Joy is different and much less comfortable. Joy is what grief turns into when you refuse to let it be private. It is the decision to take the thing that happened — the funeral you were not invited to, the name that was taken from you, the eleven years of a sentence sitting in your chest like a stone in a shoe — and to build it a room, and to paint the room yellow, and to put the room in the middle of Times Square at four thousand four hundred feet, and to leave the door open.

That is why there is no black in this book. Not because the grief is not there. Because it is holding every edge in every drawing, in a warm taupe, and it is never the subject.

The ten temples do not exist. I would like them to. Failing that, I would like the practices they were built for to be understood as things that deserve a section, an elevation, a plan, a colour, a keeper, and a door that cannot be locked because there is nowhere for a lock to go.

The kettle is a real kettle. That is the whole book. Everything else is at scale.

S. Series 240512

CATALOGUE OF PLATES

All plates 24 × 18 inches, landscape. Drawn vector; palette of seven values; no black. Multipliers as scheduled.

PLATE T-01 **Frontispiece — Temples of Safe Space**
Supergraphic. Three arch fields, three oculi.

PLATE 02 **Comparative Silhouettes**
The ten at one deck datum, ranked by overall length. Height lines at 20 / 40 / 60 feet.

PLATE 03 **F-01 The Trombe**
Elevation south, roof plan, elevation west, section A–A, cabinet oblique, schedule of masses.

PLATE P-02 **F-01 The Trombe — portrait**
Poster. Sky ground, coral horizon, white oculus.

PLATE P-03 **F-02 The Dotted Shed — crop**
Poster. Cropped elevation at ×2.4.

PLATE 16 **F-02 at Sheep Meadow**
Site plan, aerial in military projection, sited elevation. Multiplier ×105.

PLATE P-04 **F-03 The Three Naves — mega arch**
Poster. One folly held inside one opening.

PLATE 17 **F-03 at The Battery**
Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×80.

PLATE P-05 **F-04 The Double Crown — oblique**
Poster. Cabinet oblique on a paper field.

PLATE 18 **F-04 at the West Side Rail Yard**
Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×115. 7,590 feet long.

PLATE P-06 **F-05 The Apse and the Drum — portrait**
Poster. Coral ground, yellow horizon.

PLATE 19 **F-05 at Washington Square North**
Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×70.

PLATE P-07 **F-06 The Horned Gable — plan field**
Poster. Roof plan as pattern on bone.

PLATE 20 **F-06 at Pier 62, Hudson River Park**
Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×85.

PLATE P-08 **F-07 The Long Breath — crop**
Poster. Cropped elevation at ×2.2 on coral.

PLATE 21 **F-07 at Marcus Garvey Park**
Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×95. 7,030 feet long.

PLATE P-09 **F-08 The Three Merlons — mega arch**

Poster. Vermilion arch on yellow.

PLATE 22 **F-08 at Pier 17, South Street Seaport**

Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×80.

PLATE P-10 **F-09 The Two Suns — oblique**

Poster. Cabinet oblique on sky.

PLATE 23 **F-09 at Lincoln Center**

Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×75.

PLATE P-11 **F-10 The Standard Bearer — portrait**

Poster. Paper ground, yellow horizon.

PLATE 24 **F-10 at Southpoint, Roosevelt Island**

Site plan, aerial, sited elevation. Multiplier ×100.

PLATE T-05 **The Keepers**

One per temple. Unpaid, unelected, irreplaceable.

PLATE T-02 **The Constellation**

The ten conversations, drawn as bowed lines across the island.

PLATE T-06 **The Night Plan**

Five temples burning after midnight, five asleep. Ground in warm taupe.

PLATE 13 **The Island Receives Them**

Master siting plan. North to the right. All ten at siting multiplier.

PLATE 14 **Multipliers**

Each footprint measured against the Manhattan block, 274 × 80.5 m.

PLATE T-03 **The Ten Doors**

Principal thresholds at a common scale, each with one person, 5′-10″.

PLATE T-04 **The Hours**

When each temple is awake. Vermilion bars run past midnight.

PLATE P-12 **Duet**

F-01 and F-07 overprinted at a common scale.

PLATE P-14 **Trio**

F-02, F-05 and F-09 overprinted on vermilion.

PLATE P-17 **Ten Crowns**

The tallest element of each temple, at a common crown height.

PLATE 25 **The Island in Military Projection**

All ten standing. Plan true, heights extruded, nothing diminished.

PLATE P-20 **The Island**

Ten temples cut out of Manhattan as voids.

COLOPHON

THE TEN DOORS THAT DO NOT LOCK *A novella of ten temples on the island of Manhattan*

Written by Surjan, with the aid of Claude. Plates drawn by Surjan, with the aid of Claude, from Series 240512.

Type is EB Garamond throughout — in the text, in the headings, in the plate captions, and in every line of lettering on every plate. There is no second face in this book.

The palette, unchanged since the beginning: FFE000 yellow · FF3B14 vermilion · FF6A3D coral · FFFFFF white · EDE4CE bone · F7F1E3 paper · 5C5142 warm taupe, being the darkest value permitted in this or any book of the series.

Elevations are orthographic. Obliques are cabinet, at half depth and thirty degrees. Aerials are military projection: the plan held true, the heights extruded, nothing diminished with distance, nobody at the back.

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Rule Five, added by hand at the sixth temple and never removed: the kettle is a real kettle.